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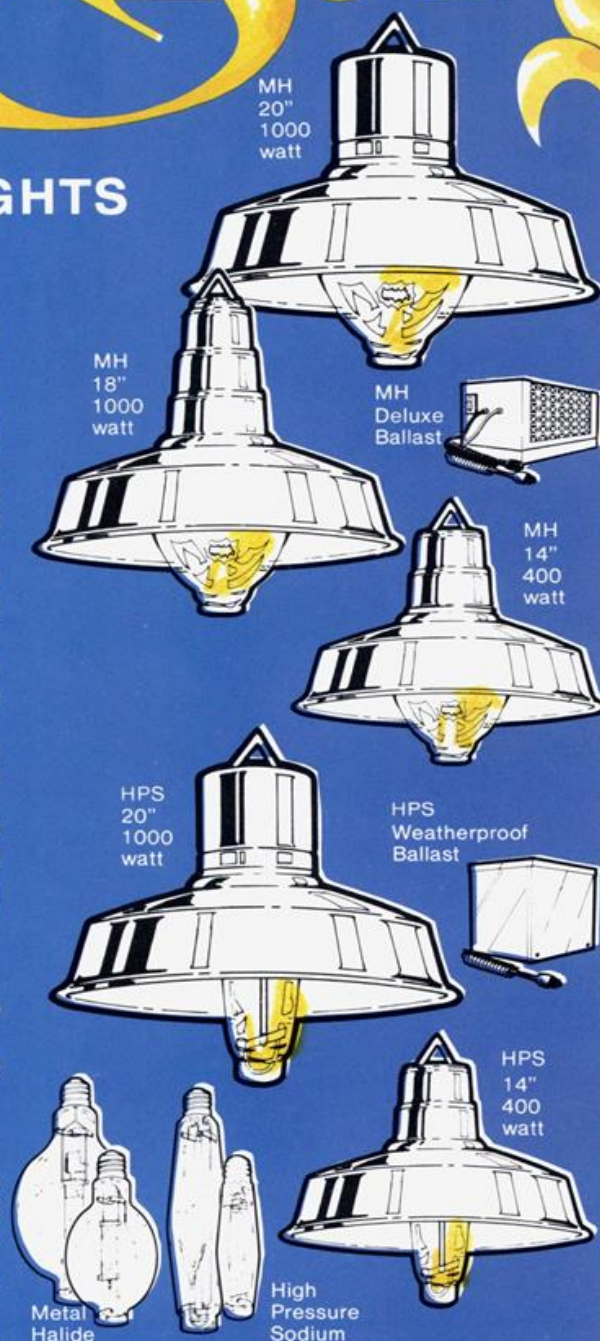
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HIGH TIMES

No. 103 March '84

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

Interview: John Keel, Part II *by Jim Cusimano and Larry Sloman*

In the conclusion of our talk with the world's leading expert on extraterrestrial and occult phenomena, we explore the mystery of UFOs. John Keel's work in this area has been hailed by experts as brilliant and nothing short of revolutionary. Though he'd be the first to admit that his investigations have not yielded any definitive answers, the questions they've raised are truly fascinating

32

Hot Hawaiian *by "R"*

What are the qualifications for becoming an authentic connoisseur? Well, being able to sling a first-rate line of organic fertilizer doesn't hurt, of course. But more important are the undeviating powers of discernment, perspicacity, a goodly set of scruples and, as we learn this month, the ability to tell at the drop of a bath towel the difference between Californian and Hawaiian marijuana

46

Centerfold: Occupational Hazard

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Harvard's First Pot Party *Edited by Michael Aldrich*

It was well over 100 years ago when three medical students at Harvard got together after class to blow some of that *Cannabis indica* they'd heard their professor talk so much about. Two of the students felt "queer" and went directly to bed, while the third found himself on a streetcar yammering away to the conductor about the exquisite shape of his thighs and arms. A true story of the way it was

66

Dr. Atomic and the Amazing Dopelicator *by Larry Todd*

HIGH TIMES presents your favorite cartoon scientist and his coconspirator, Billy, in a hi-tech tale of danger and suspense and enormous quantities of primo contraband. What would you do if you had the keys to a matter-transforming machine? Rumpelstiltskin never had it so good

71

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

German Coke Trial Links Nazis to DEA... Federal 'Quat Plot Collapses... 'Lude Famine Looms... Panama Offers Shelter for Yankee Dope Dollars... Spain Legalizes Head Stash... Steroid Madness... FBI's "Operation Corkscrew"

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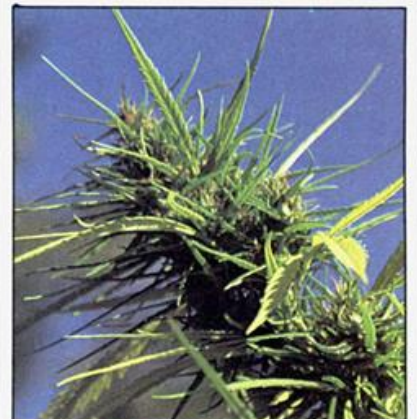


40 **Cokearoma** *by Dean Latimer*

Earlier this year a substance known as Psychem Cocaine Aroma was introduced into the American marketplace. Now, the curious thing about this substance was not that it smelled like cocaine (for as we all know, pure cocaine is completely odorless), but that it duplicated the odor of the three aromatic alkaloids used in creating cocaine out of coca paste, so much so that whiffing it can actually get some people high. And it's completely legal!

54 **Preplanting Shopper's Guide** *by Ed Rosenthal*

From our resident horticulturist comes a consumer/grower's report on the most interesting of the new crop of gardening products. The latest in lights, growing mediums, assorted gimcracks and gewgaws, all designed to make your garden bud bigger with less bother.



61 I ♥ N.Y. Pot
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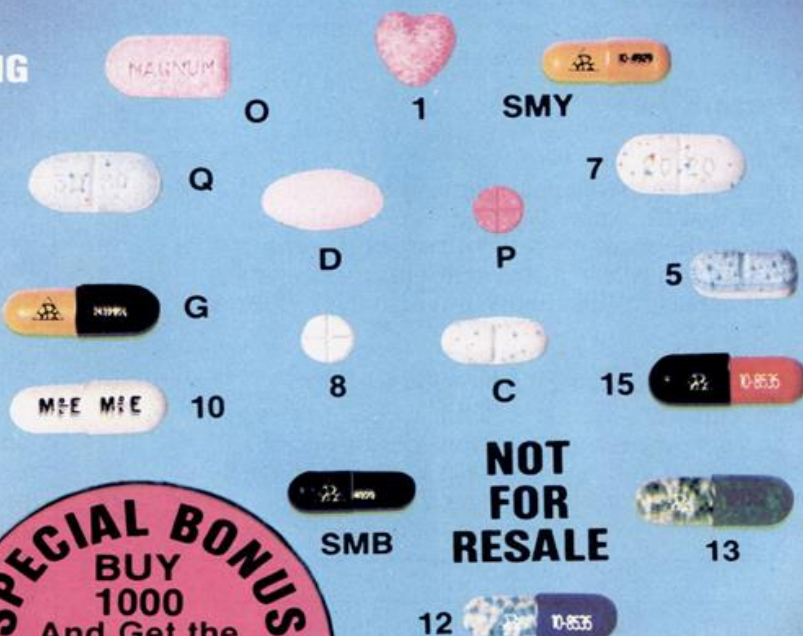
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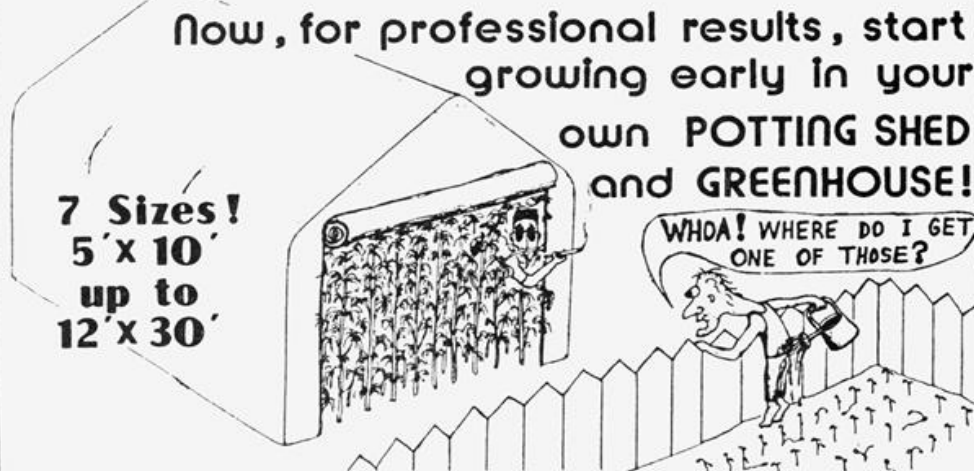
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THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

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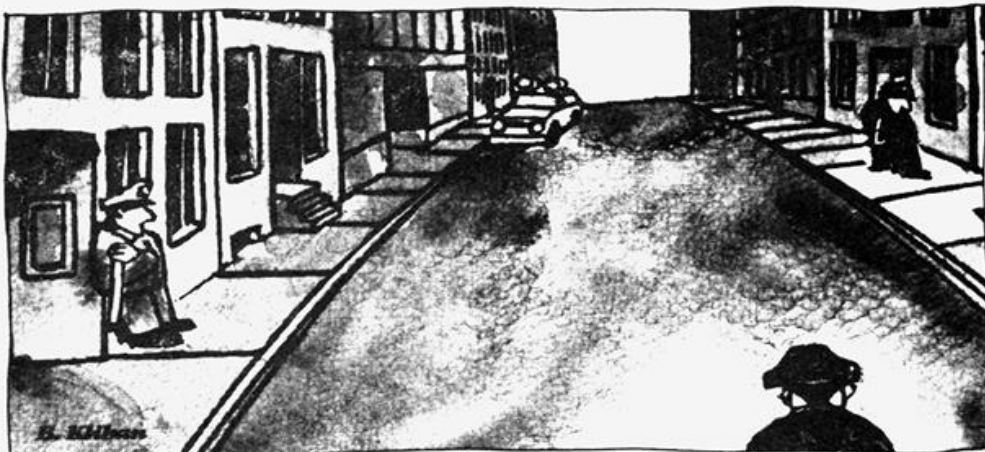
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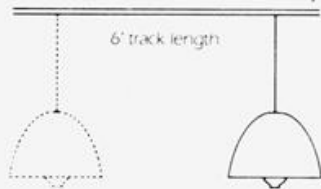
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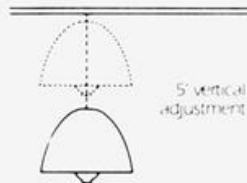
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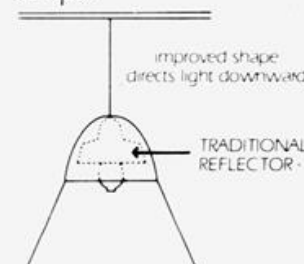
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Kansas's Pride

Editor:

This is a picture of one of our many virgin daughters. Her name is Becky Sue. Becky comes from Mexican-Afghan-Jamaican ancestry. Just shows you what a little tender loving care can do. Not bad for southeast Kansas, is it?

—B&B Farms, Inc.
Crawford County, Kans.

Lack of Cherniak

Editor:

What happened to Cherniak? I see his name on the masthead, but where are his pictures? I just saw a copy of his book and his photographs are incredible. Please run a series, or at least a one-time excerpt for some old-time fans.

—Boris Dovbenko
Farmingdale, N.Y.

Where you been, Boris? We've had Cherniak up the wazoo the last few issues. See the next letter and eat your heart out. —Ed.

Love of Cherniak

Editor:

Recently I noticed your November '83 issue and was highly pleased to see Mr. Laurence Cherniak's photos again. It's been too long since we've seen his splendid material. I assume that Peter Hudson, as art director, had something to do with this, or at least with the layout, which we thought showed

a very effective use of a black background. Please let us have more photos like these from Mr. C., who for our money seems to have the best pictures of marijuana in the business. And thank you, Peter Hudson, for giving the magazine a little more oomph lately.

—Frank Gallagher
Pompton Lakes, N.J.

Not Wanted

Dear Mr. Lattimer:

I have already sent you a letter soliciting work on your magazine, listing the drugs I have taken, that I worked for and lived for rock 'n' roll/jazz a couple of years ago.

You probably have dismissed me as your archetypal drug burn-out case. Wrong. I have a B.A. in English from Georgetown University cofounded my own fiction magazine, earned the funds to pay all my once-heavy debts and still go to Europe (England & France) this summer. I'm on Unemployment by design.

Tonight I "disappeared" a Washington Square seller of joints. He was from the Caribbean and now no longer walks the streets of New York. I didn't say he was killed. I work with a group of very rich, very sick people. He is in a private prison which oper-

ates in Canada.

Originally, this "prison" was for other-type deviants—transvestites, extreme feminists, abortion doctors. I convinced them to take in pushers. So far, I am the only "sheriff."

What will you do, Dean, when noone can get high to read your magazine? I am being financed. I plan to take in a dealer a day until I am employed by you. You can hire me and stop the life-imprisonment of people for selling drugs, or you can discard this page. It's your choice... brother.

—Sincerely
[Left blank]

Confidential to "Left Blank": Tell you what, "sheriff." While publisher Bob Aronson isn't likely to be taking on any editorial help from someone as indifferent to the niceties of grammar and punctuation as yourself—and who can't even spell properly the name of the person from whom he's begging work—I do like the sounds of your project. You go on kidnapping dope dealers, and I'll go on refusing to hire you and together we'll clean up the whole town. Here's to the Georgetown English Department. —DAL

Talking out of Their...

Editor:

I had a lot of fun reading your "Anti-

New Predator

Editor:

After reading Tom Alexander's precautions about voracious white mites, thrips, deer and so on in your December '83 issue, we felt we might as well suggest our own way of protecting our

Milwaukee Wacky Tabacee. Honestly, if you just keep a creature from the Black Lagoon in your patch, nothing will ever bother your weed.

—A Connoisseur
Address withheld



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LETTERS

Dope, Inc." interview [HIGH TIMES, Oct.-Nov. '83] because it was so funny. Okay, I like grass and I ain't too pro-American, but the idea of the DEA more or less selling drugs seems a bit much. The cliché is that our liberal organizations in Europe are run by the KGB, and your article only confirmed that belief. What a bunch of assholes. Yeah, I guess I'm glad I was born in the USA.

—Mike Saksra
Lehighton, Pa.

Mike, even if those guys were just a bunch of assholes, which they ain't, that doesn't mean everything they said was crap. Remember, don't throw the boo out with the bong water.—Ed.



No Woman, No Brains

Editor:

Thanks for the space in your October '83 issue devoted to the Jamaican poet, Mutabaruka. I'n'I have noticed a tendency for white, male, music editors and critics to consistently misquote reggae lyrics in their reviews; it seems that John Swenson is no exception. I'n'I offer these corrections for your readers:

"The Russians and the Americans,
All dem have a plan how to free we,
the African,
Mon, what a confusion."

In the song, "Whey Mi Belang?" the question is strictly rhetorical, as Muta already knows, I'n'I can assure you. The black man's "identity crisis" exists only in the head of John Swenson, and the other white, intellectual, know-nothings who insist on reviewing music that they do not "overstand." Seen!

As a "Free-Lance Media Artist" and an American-born, white Rasta woman, I'n'I offer HIGH TIMES my writing and music reviews skills for your future articles on reggae, and I-Rastafari!—should the staff decide that it's "high" time to shed some light on this darkness surrounding reggae in American media. Make I know when you're ready!

One Love, One People, One
Destiny. Jah Love,
—A.I.

Ocean Beach, Calif.

You and who?—Ed.

This Bud's from the Bayou

Editor:

This is just to show you that the boys in Louisiana know how to take care of their empties.

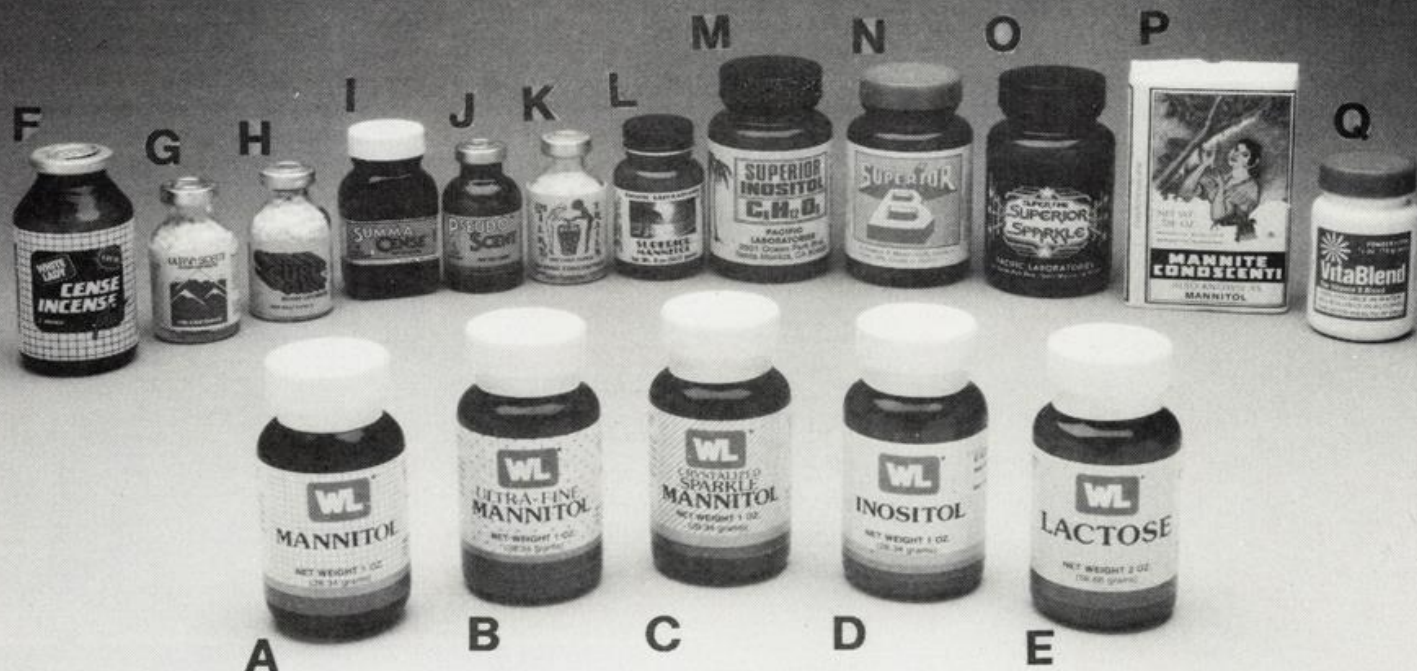
—Ace
Somewhere in Louisiana

Oops...

In our October 1983 interview our Executive Almighty Editor gave the erroneous impression that Hans-Georg Behr (National Drug Adviser to the Green Party in Germany) might not possess the documents to support his claims of DEA complicity in narcotics traffic in Europe. To be entirely fair, Hans-Georg did in fact have various pertinent documents, and Hans-Georg was subsequently happy to supply us with them the next time he visited the United States.

The following acknowledgement was mistakenly deleted from "Drugs of the Subgenii" in the Jan. '84 issue of HIGH TIMES: From The Book of the Sub-Genius. Copyright © 1983 by the SubGenius Foundation. Reprinted by permission of McGraw-Hill Book Co.

HIGH TIMES is an acknowledged source of expert information on a wide variety of subjects. If you have any questions pertaining to drugs, law, health, etc., we'd be pleased to hear from you. Send all letters to: HIGH TIMES Adviser, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.



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B-WL ULTRA FINE	2.00										9-		17-		35-	70-	
C-WL CRYSTAL MANNITOL	2.00										9-		17-		35-	70-	
D-WL INOSITOL	2.00										9-		17-		35-	70-	
E-WL LACTOSE	2.00											10-				50-	
F-WL CENSE	2.00					25-					110-				475-	900-	
G-ULTRA SCENT	2.00		9-			25-			40-	60-	110-				475-	900-	
H-SUPER SCENT	2.00		9-			25-			40-	60-	110-				475-	900-	
I-SUMMA SCENT	2.00				11-			29-			110-				600-	1000-	
J-PSEUDO SCENT	2.00			11-			29-				110-				600-	1000-	
K-MILKY TRAILS	2.00	5-				25-			40-	60-	110-				600-	1000-	
L-SUPERIOR MANNITOL	2.00									9-		15-			45-	80-	
M-SUPERIOR INOSITOL	2.00									9-		15-			50-	95-	
N-SUPERIOR 'B'	2.00									9-		15-			60-	100-	
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Snafu in D.C.

It was Situation NORML: All Fire Up! when HIGH TIMES magazine threw a gala bash at the last national NORML convention in Washington, D.C., last November. Some two-hundred-plus altered-consciousness conventioners descended on the trendy 9:30 Club on F Street for a fun-filled night of music and mota. See, who said politics had to be boring?

Switchblade, D.C.'s hottest "original body-rock-'n'-roll band" pose before their torrid set. From left: Giles Cook (drums), Stewart Smith (lead guitar), Ratso (guitar and vocals and no relation to our own Ratso ed.) and Johnny Castle (bass and vocals).



The Mighty Invaders drove up all the way from Baltimore and blew the crowd away with their unique dance-oriented reggae sound. Freshly Taylor (below) did some



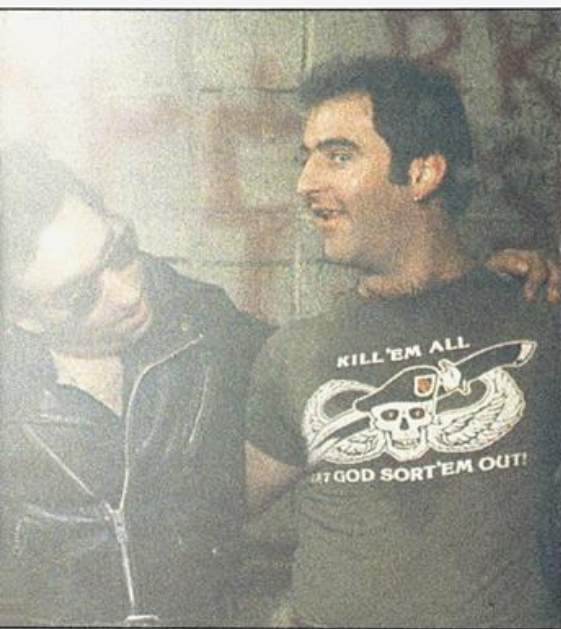
spirited Marleyesque perambulations as he sang lead, and Stepford "Kings" Clarke (right) provided the rock-steady foundation on bass.



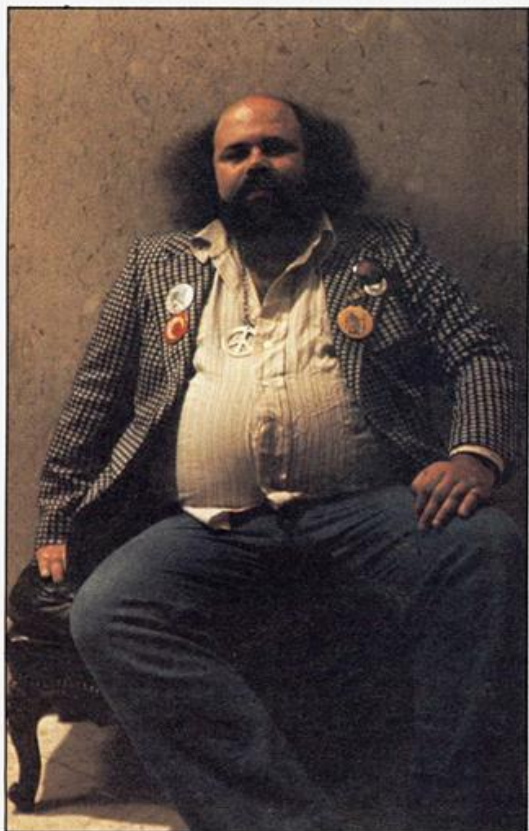
Stew Smith and Johnny Castle mid-lick. The Switchblade's raucous rockabilly sound had the NORML-ly laid-back crowd up and on their feet, recreating the ambience of a '50s sock hop.



Photography • Larry Sioman



"The Day After"—Retired pie-master Aaron Kay tries to recover from the reveling Sunday morning back at the hotel. See y'all next year!



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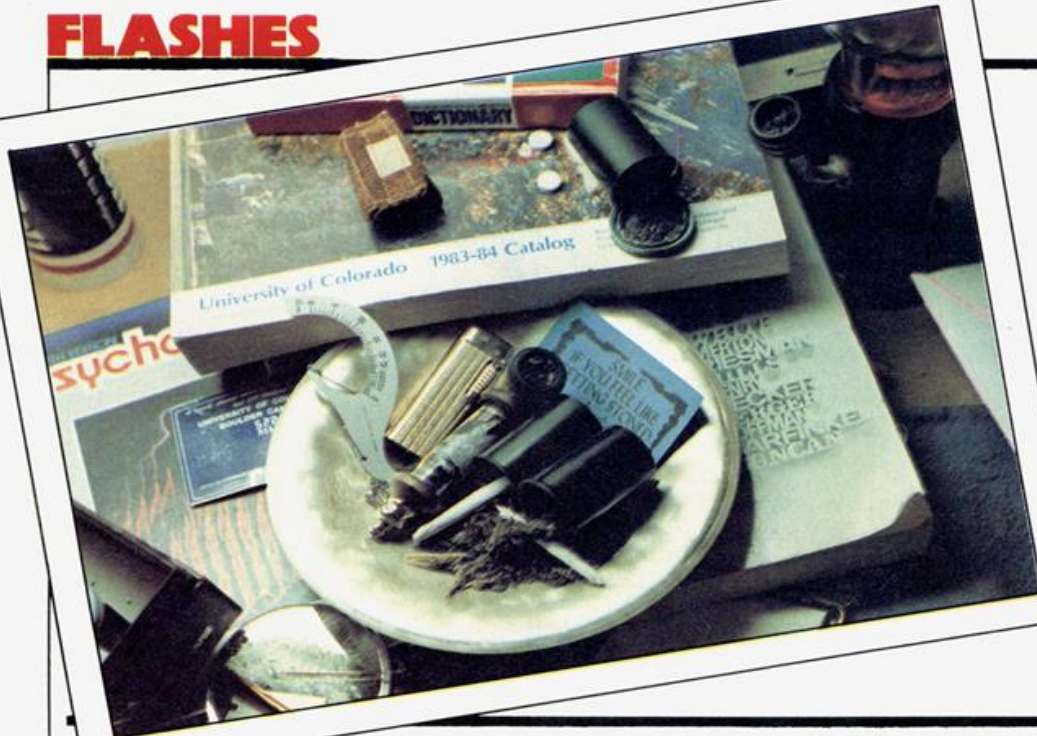


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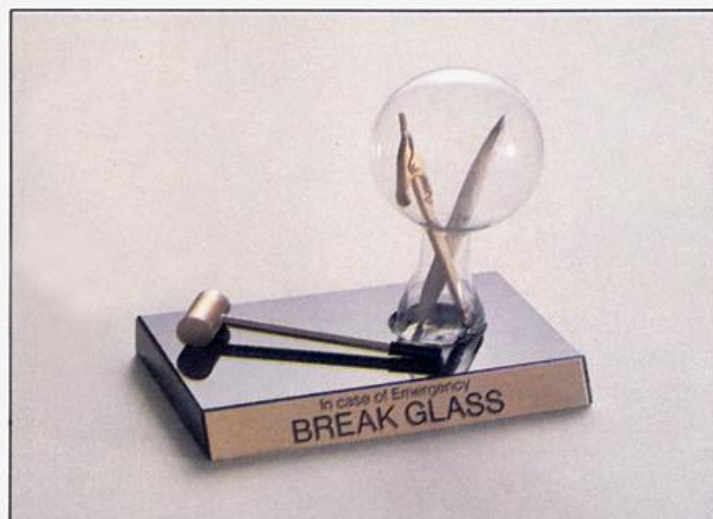


The HIGH TIMES Budding Photographer

From "Walt" of Boulder, Colorado, comes this pictorial paean to Higher Education. We should mention, however, that while the HIGH TIMES Budding Photographer Department heartily applauds Walt's enthusiasm for photography, taking especial note of his unique talent for lighting and composition, we strongly caution him against allowing his newfound hobby to interfere with his studies.

In Case of Emergency....

Here's a humorous little novelty item that's popping up on coffee tables across the nation. We don't know whether the joint inside the glass is real or not, but at \$7.50 a pop it better at least stink a little when you light it. From D&D Enterprises, P.O. Box 1571, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.



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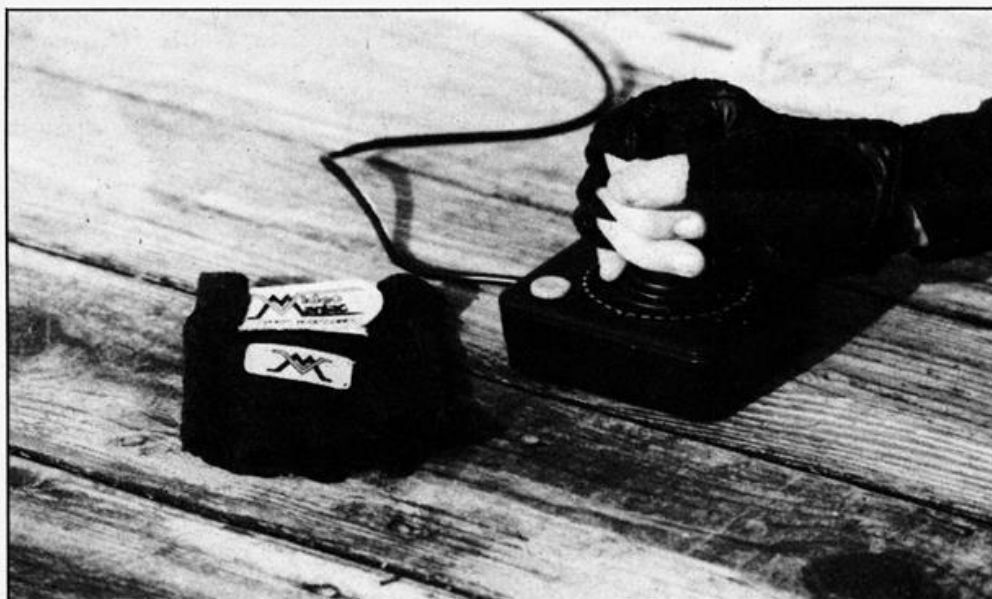
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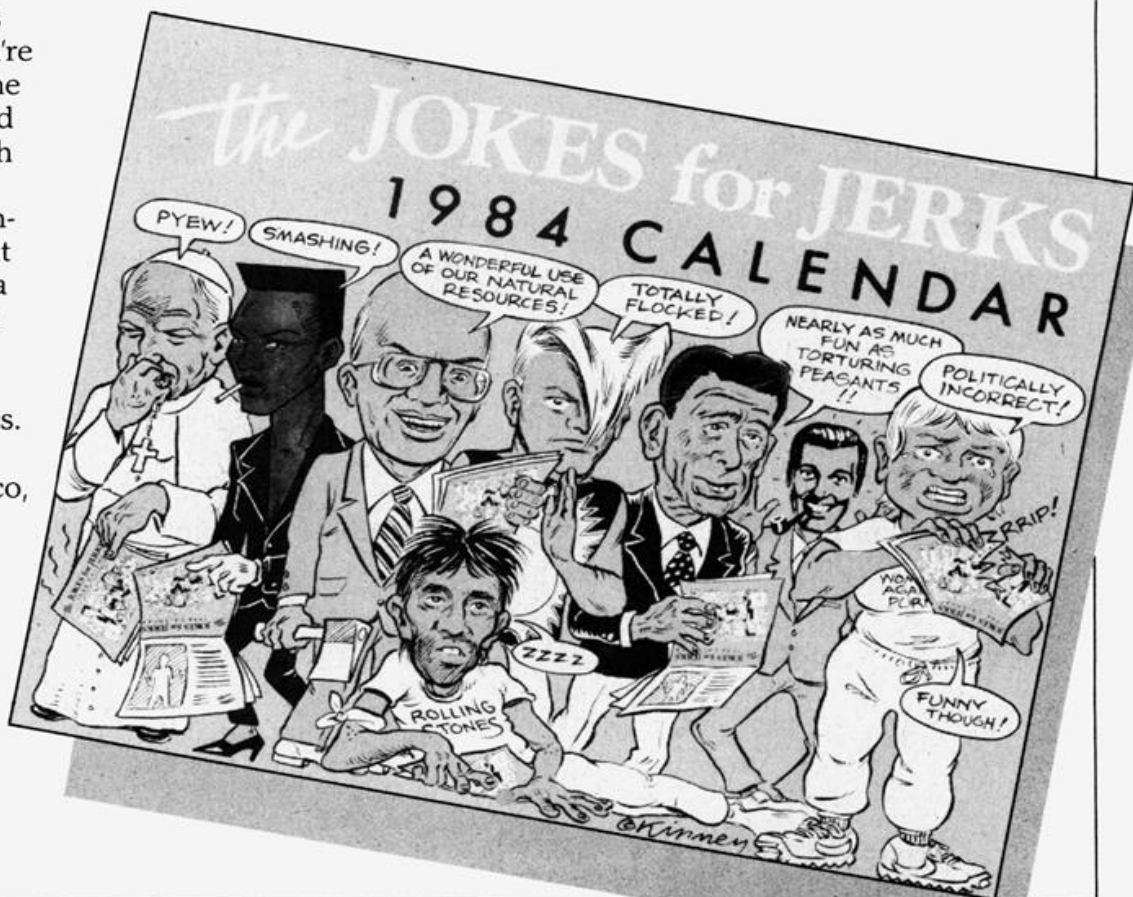
"Joysticks are constantly being squeezed and pulled, causing irritation to the palms. The Video Sports Glove has a reinforced palm that will make prolonged gripping more comfortable. Players also experience irritation to the fingers from continual button-pushing. To give protection to the fingers, without sacrificing sensitivity to the fingertips, a half-fingered model was designed. The reinforced palm and the half-finger design combine to give track-ball users overall comfort and protection."—Excerpted from the Video Maniac press release of October 15, 1983.

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Jokes for Jerks '84

Why did God create the orgasm? So Italians would know when to stop fucking.
 Why do black families keep chickens in their backyard? To teach their kids how to walk.
 What do you get when you cross Bo Derek with Billy Jean King? A DC-10.

Here we are three months into the new year and you're still denying yourself all the yuks, guffaws and certified bellylaughs that come with the 1984 Jokes for Jerks Calendar. Each month contains over 20 semirepellent knee-slappers along with a correspondingly offensive dose of graphics; plus, there's also an entry form for the 1984 Joke Olympics. All this from Last Gasp Publishing of San Francisco, for \$6.95.



THE TOBACCO PLEDGE

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the Kupferberg collection.*

CHARACTERS

JOHN LOSSING

ALBERT MILLER

MR. WISE, THEIR TEACHER

ALBERT—Good morning, John. Where is your craft bound for so early?

JOHN—Good morning. As you are trying to talk sailor style, I will try, too. My craft is steering, all sails set, for school. A delightful harbor, where all such vessels as ours may anchor in safety from the storms of temptation, sure to assail those who remain out at sea.

A.—Well done. That's first rate. But come with me to the grocery, and then I will go with you to school.

J.—Why, what do you want there?

A.—I coaxed five cents from father, last night, and I am going to have some cigars.

J.—You have never smoked any, and they will make you sick. I would rather not go.

A.—Oh, come along, and I will give you one. We will have some fun, I'll warrant.

J.—I thank you. I never use tobacco, for a number of reasons. One is, "It is a wicked waste of money." Just think: if you begin now, at eleven years, and spend five cents a day until you are twenty-one years old, to what it will amount. What a number of good books and papers it would get! \$182.50; count for yourself.

A.—But every boy, who is any thing of a man, smokes, and I am as much of a man as any of them. Why, all use it when they get big, and you will, too. It is just because your mother will not let you.

J.—No, that is not the reason. But my mother has shown me that it is a sin, and a poison that will destroy my health. And I promised her I would "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

A.—My father uses it, and so does our minister, and nearly every body I know. And they would not use it if they thought it was a sin. Why, ministers preach against everything that is wrong, and I have seen them chewing in church. Now, what can you say to that?

J.—They do not view the subject in the right light, or they would not do so. Mother says, the Bible forbids "Using our money for that which is not meat, or our substance for that which satisfieth not." Now if it is poison, it is not meat; it will not sustain life. Therefore, it is wrong.

A.—Yes, yes; that may all be if it is a poison; but how are you going to prove that? It has been raised for hundreds of years, and I have never seen or heard tell of a case of poisoning from tobacco.

J.—It can be proved, both by chemistry and physiology, that it is a poison. And if no one uses enough at one time to kill him, yet the continued use will debilitate the body, and bring on diseases which do end in death.

A.—I do not know anything about chemistry; but I would like to know a part of what you seem to know so well.

J.—Any reliable work on chemistry will tell you that by analysis a property has been discovered, called *nicotine*. This is so poisonous that one drop placed on the tongue of a cat will kill it in five minutes. Chemistry says that the effect of tobacco, in small quantities, on the human frame is of a very pleasing character for a time: the nerves are quietly lulled into a very comfortable feeling, and may for the moment endure more than they can unstimulated. But after the undue stimulus is over, they are weaker than before; and thus begins the slow but sure undermining of life.



MY FIRST CIGAR.

A.—"Why, how you talk!" It all sounds very good; but I intend to ask someone else. I shall not take your word for it.

J.—I do not want you to take my word for it. But just reflect how many persons we see who are pale, and nervous, by smoking; complaining of headache, dyspepsia, weak stomach, etc. All this is caused by imposing upon the stomach with the use of tobacco.

A.—You say it makes headache; I say it cures toothache. I have seen it done more than once.

J.—Yes; it cures the toothache on the same principle any other narcotic would. But here comes Mr. Wise, on his way to school, and we can walk along, and ask him about what I have said. He understands chemistry and physiology.

A.—Ha! ha! ha! That will not do you any good. Choose some one else.

J.—What is the matter? Why will he do me no good?

A.—See, he is smoking now. Do you expect him to take his cigar from his mouth, and say: "Yes, I am poisoning myself. I am using my money for that which is not meat. I am sinning?" Ha! ha! that is too funny.

J.—No; I do not want him to answer so; neither do I intend to ask the questions. You must do that. It would sound like impertinence from me, while you can do it with perfect propriety.

[Mr. Wise approaches, smoking. They meet.]

A. & J.—Good morning.

MR. W.—Good morning, boys; I am glad to see you out so early. You were very busy talking when we met; may I know what it was about?

J.—Yes, sir; and we want you to decide which of us is right.

MR. W.—Well, what is it? I will decide justly, to the best of my knowledge.

A.—I wanted John to go with me to get some cigars, and he tried to make me believe that it was wrong, and that any person who knew anything about chemistry would acknowledge there was poison in tobacco.

MR. W.—What else did he say, that you want my opinion concerning?

A.—Oh, much more. He said the Bible forbade us to use our money for that which is not meat, etc. He said, if tobacco would kill, it was not meat, and that it was wicked to waste our money so.

MR. W.—It is true, it is wrong to spend our money needlessly. But how does he prove the rest?

A.—Let him tell it as he told it to me.

J.—The chemical analysis of tobacco has discovered a poison called *nicotine* so active that one drop placed on the tongue of a cat will produce death in five minutes.

A.—Is that true? Is that true, Mr. Wise?

cont'd.

MR. W.—His authority is very good. I believe that statement is correct. But, John, you do not know of any person killed by tobacco, do you?

J.—I do not, sir. But a great many weak and sick persons complaining of headache, dyspepsia (and I know not what else), are made such by debilitating the stomach with tobacco.

MR. W.—You said before tobacco was stimulating; how then can it debilitate?

J.—The very fact that it stimulates at one time is proof of debility afterward. And you know, sir, these secretions of the glands of the mouth are absolutely necessary to assist the stomach in its office of digestion. When the saliva has become saturated with tobacco no one swallows it, but expels it; thus the stomach is deprived of this help, and becomes diseased or overworked.

A.—Well, it's not wrong for old folks to smoke. It is such a comfort when they get so old and blind they can not read to enjoy themselves.

J.—They are then only suffering from its use when young. Perhaps if they had never injured their eyes with the use of tobacco, their sight might not have failed so seriously. It has a powerful effect upon the eyes. If you were to smoke a cigar now it could be told on the eyes as easily as any other way.

A.—Why, I never heard any person talk so about tobacco in all my life. I have heard them scold about it being dirty and hateful, and all such. But is this true, Mr. Wise? If it is, I will never use it.

MR. W.—John, you reason like a scholar. Although I use tobacco, I dare not dispute you. You have religion and science on your side. But who taught you this? You are too young to have learned yourself.

J.—My mother taught me, sir; and I promised her I would "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

MR. W. [throwing away his cigar]—You are right, my noble boy. I have thrown away my cigar, and will sign your pledge of "total abstinence." I have reasoned and smoked against my own convictions long enough. You have a worthy mother; I wish there were more such.

J.—I signed no pledge, sir; but gave my word, which I intend to keep as faithfully as if written on the Bible.

A.—Can't we get up a pledge? I want to sign, and get others to do so, too.

MR. W.—You draw one up and see what success you will have. Your cause is a good one.

A.—I would sir, if I could, but I can not compose it right.

MR. W.—John will help you. Here is a pencil and paper—now go to work.

[After a short whispering, they approach with the following:]

A.—Will this do, sir? [Reads.]

WHEREAS our school-mate, John Lossing, has proved to us that the use of tobacco is both morally and physically wrong, therefore, we, the undersigned

Resolve, 1st, We will "Touch not, taste not, handle not," tobacco in any shape or form.

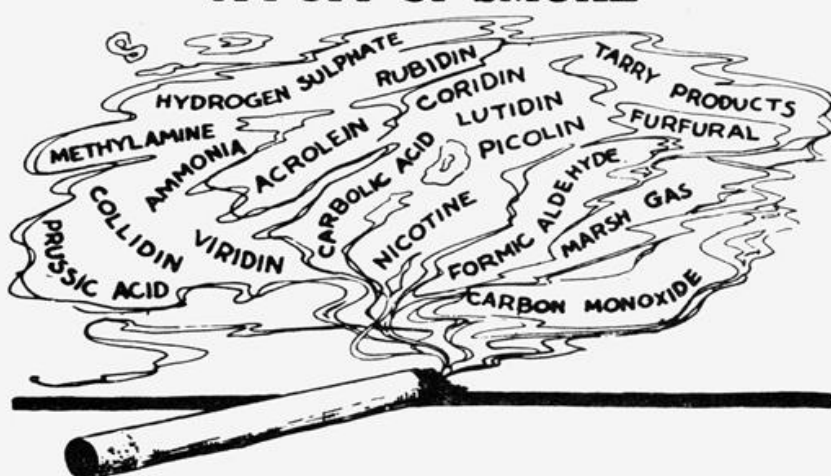
Resolve, 2d, We will do all we can to persuade others of our friends to join us.

Resolve, 3d, If we live to become men, and are intrusted with the office of hiring teachers for youth, or ministers of the gospel, we will patronize none who use, or advocate the use of tobacco.

MR. W.—That will do very well; but we will adjourn now. It is school time.

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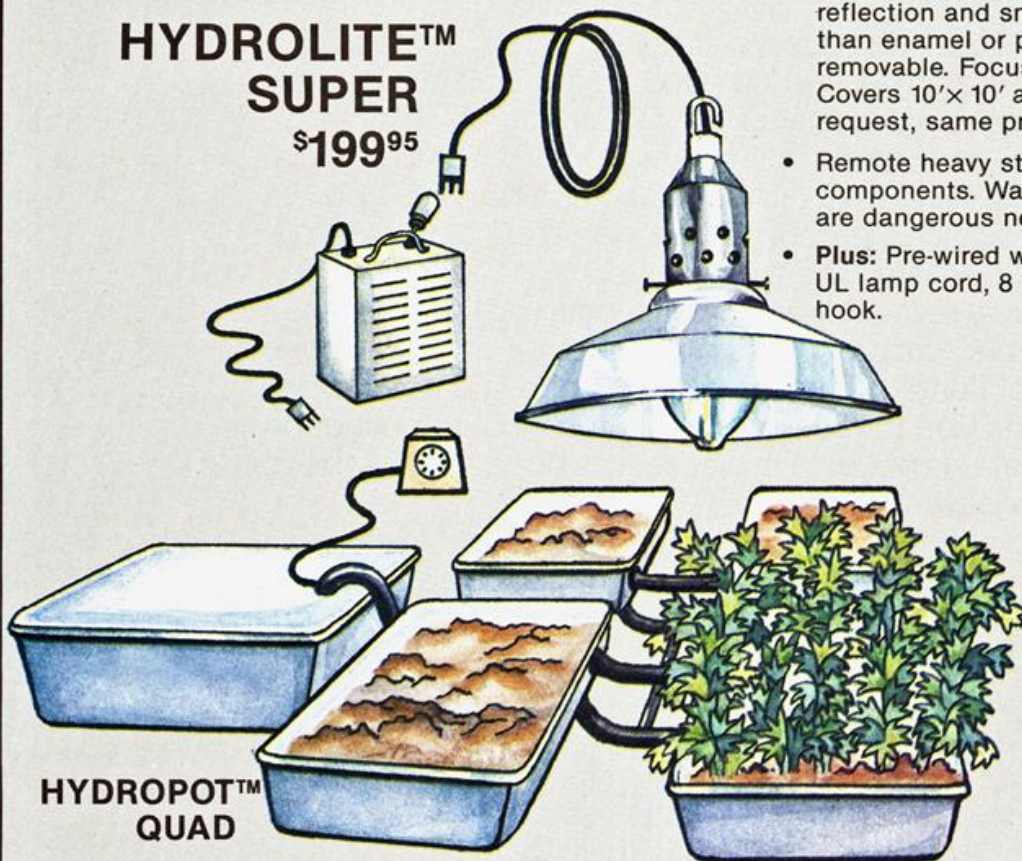
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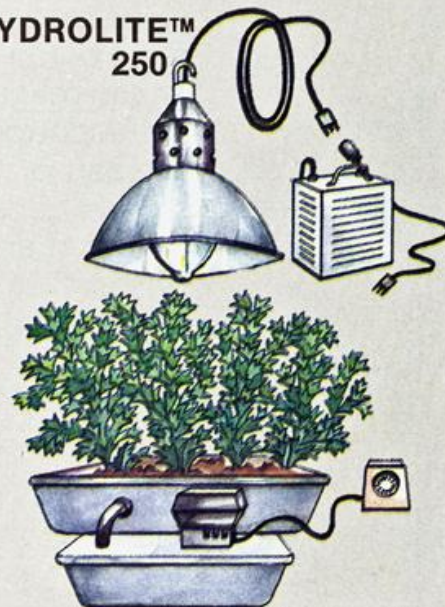
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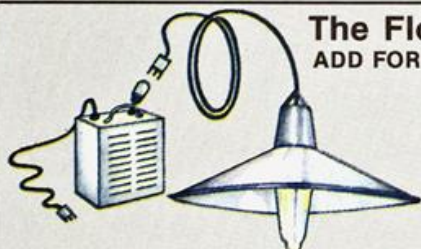


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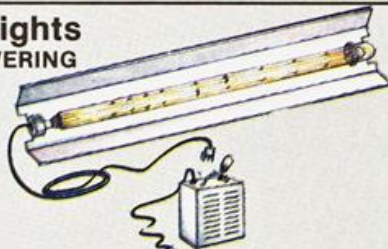


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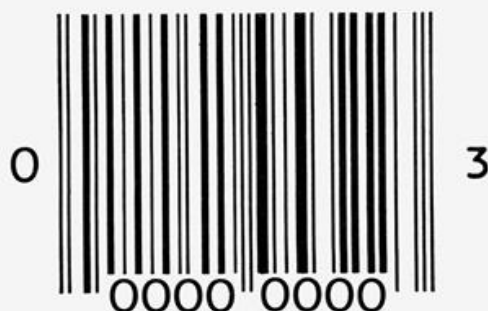
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This is a no-frills generic subscription ad. It occupies the same space as fancier theme-oriented subscription ads but it saves the management of this magazine thousands of dollars that would have been wasted on motivational research, coke-numbed copywriters and temperamental designers, not to mention the ridiculous amount of money that those thieves charge for color separations these days.

Further, since this is a generic subscription ad, it is designed to be compatible with any of the magazines that you have around your household. That is, at first glance, it is not evident which magazine you will receive when you fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page. In this case, it is not an oversight on the part of management.

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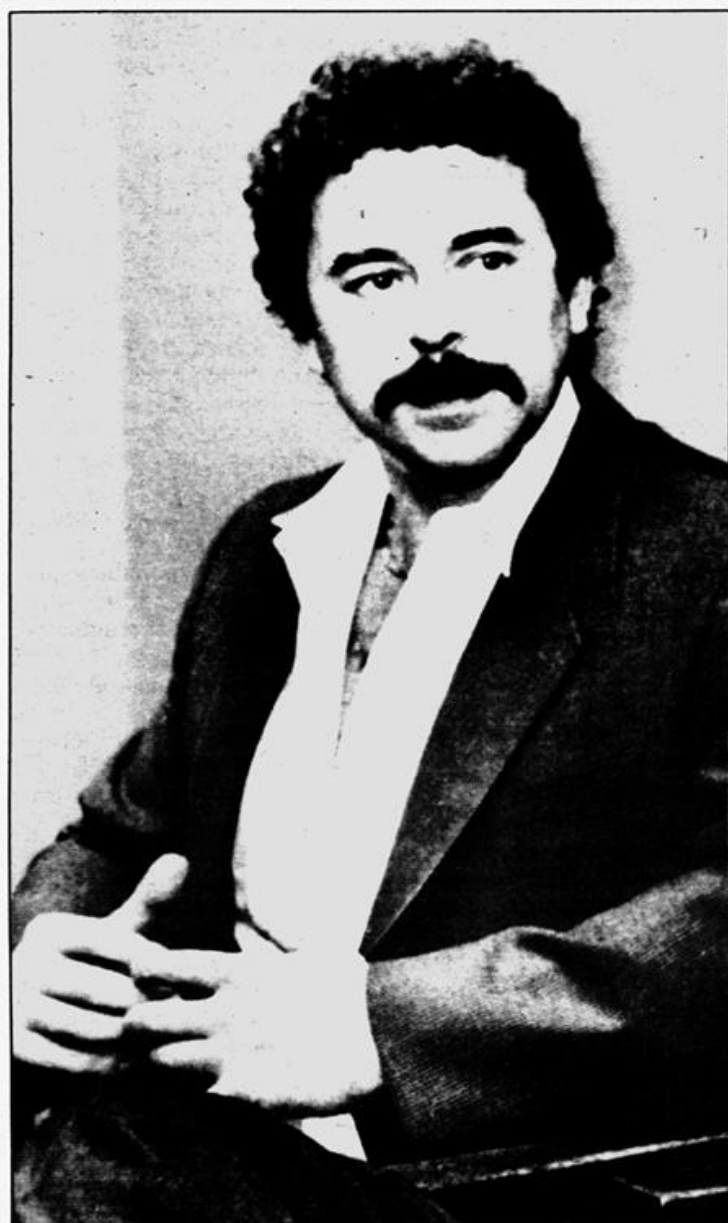
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NO. 103

GERMAN COKE TRIAL LINKS NAZIS TO DEA

by Mark Swain

H A M B U R G, G E R M A N Y



Joachim Fiebelkorn was photographed in 1982 following his release from a Frankfurt jail, where he had been held on suspicion of being involved in the terrorist bombing in Bologna.

“KOMMEN SIE HIER,” YOUNG JOACHIM Fiebelkorn told a competing coke-mob enforcer in the fall of 1980, “and watch this, and see how it’s done.” The competitor, Oscar Roman Vaca, police chief of Santa Cruz Department in Bolivia, went willingly. Fiebelkorn had locked up a cute 17-year-old chambermaid named Carmen in a shed on the extensive Santa Cruz *finca* of coke-mob godfather Roberto Suarez, and had been systematically and wordlessly beating her for three days straight. Today was the day for the confession, and it was bound to be a tricky business.

Little 17-year-old Carmen was in love with *el padrone* Suarez’s youngest son Harald, and had pilfered \$25,000 in American coca-dollar currency from the suite of his father and given it to the lad. Harald had bought a car with it. So now it was Fiebelkorn’s mission to torture the truth out of her, and then torture her further until she managed to invent a plausible lie about that missing \$25K—a lie that would not implicate *el padrone*’s worthless kid. Oscar Roman Vaca was impressed with the subtlety and complexity of the task at hand, and the effectiveness of Herr Fiebelkorn’s technique, which only wasted a few lighted cigarettes.

Now, nearly four years later, Joachim Fiebelkorn, 36, is finally in the dock over this torture business, and also for exporting some unimaginable tonnage of cocaine products out of Bolivia while he was in Suarez’s employ. And there are even heavier charges pending, once the Italian authorities manage to serve Fiebelkorn with charges concerning his participation in the right-wing terror bombing of the Bologna train station on 2 August 1980: 85 dead, 185 mutilated.

But the trial’s stalled at this writing. Fiebelkorn’s lawyer, Bernd Kroner, asserts, “These things took place in a different, alien world.” Here in civilized Europe, Fiebelkorn has rather more due process opportunities than little Carmen had in Bolivia, and he’s demanding the appearance at his trial of his old personal mentor in the Santa Cruz Mafia, former Gestapo commander Klaus Barbie. Barbie happens to be in jail just now, in France, for all the people he tortured and murdered there during the Nazi occupation. But

the French would be crazy to ship Barbie as a witness to Germany, where he could be arrested and kept permanently out of their vengeful custody.

All the time Joachim Fiebelkorn was torturing people and moving cocaine in Bolivia, incidentally, he was a paid secret agent of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, he has freely stipulated before the Hamburg magistrates. Even while he was helling it up around Santa Cruz City in a handsomely tailored SS outfit (yes, there are photographs), Fiebelkorn was pulling down a salary from the U.S. Justice Department's snitch budget. And then after this business with those mass-murdering Italian Nazis came to the DEA's attention in 1981, they discreetly hired him out to the Deutsche Bundeskriminalamt—the West German secret service. And then he worked for *them* for over a year.

So it's unlikely the German authorities are terribly upset about the way his trial has bogged down. Before it gets going again, in fact, there's a very good chance some secret neo-Nazi prison *bund* will grease away at least one of the prosecution witnesses against Fiebelkorn: his former comrade-in-coke, Rudolf Grob, currently in the same jail as Fiebelkorn on simple coke possession.

Swiss by nationality, Grob has confessed to opening a lot of numbered accounts, up and down the Alps, for his employers. At first Grob thought it would be a simple matter of snitching himself off his own charges by giving evidence against these other neo-Nazis. But it's been nearly a year now since he told all to the cops, and he hasn't had a chance to formally deliver the testimony in court yet, so he's still in jail.

Poor Grob has begged the judge for extraordinary personal-security measures, and the judge has granted them; but the longer the trial drags on the less rosy things look for Rudolf Grob.

"A Different, Alien World"

Joachim Fiebelkorn was born in Leipzig in 1949, the very year his future mentor, Klaus Barbie, was smuggled out of Europe to South America by American secret-service agents. A gun-and-uniform freak from childhood, Fiebelkorn in his 20s was a soldier in the romantic Spanish Foreign Legion, and then spent his early 30s as a pimp in Frankfurt. Fortified with money and ultra-right-wing connections, he moved to Paraguay in 1977 and managed a whorehouse there, where an ancient SS officer shot his head off that year in a game of Russian roulette which Fiebelkorn had set up.

This, evidently, brought Fiebelkorn to the admiring attention of Herr Klaus Barbie, who was calling himself Klaus Altmann then, and was setting up the coup by which the cocaine Mafia of Santa Cruz—*la mafia Cruceña*—took over virtually the entire government of Bolivia in 1980. Barbie/Altmann merely invited Fiebelkorn to Bolivia in '79 and, when there was some question there

about his lack of a proper entry visa, Barbie snagged him one through the services of the U.S. DEA in La Paz—by whom the Butcher of Lyons himself may well have been employed (though *that* hasn't come out in court yet). As a sort of quid pro quo, Fiebelkorn consented to become a DEA "confidential informant" for a hefty monthly fee.

Barbie made Fiebelkorn an officer in the Falange Socialista Boliviana, which was comprised of a host of merces from Germany, Italy, Austria and Australia. The Falange rolled into La Paz on troop carriers that day in July 1980, and handily wiped out all government resistance, with the aid of rebel army troops under the command of Gen. Luis Garcia Meza. With Garcia Meza ensconced as *El Presidente*, the Falange became a sort of free-lance enforcement outfit



Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce Gomez

for all the coke godfathers of the *Cruceña* Mafia.

Mainly they worked for Roberto Suarez, who at that time was just opening his vast coca-bush plantations in western Santa Cruz around Yacani and Puerto Real. The main coca-paste traffic was still controlled primarily by a clutch of industrialists in Santa Cruz City, and Suarez was an up-and-coming challenger. The DEA and Barbie, presumably, desired to keep the racket in a sanguinary uproar by supporting the newcomer. Fiebelkorn and Grob have both testified that they eliminated a lot of competition for Suarez by snitching off his rivals to the DEA, even while they worked assiduously to streamline the Suarez operation—which became the biggest single coke mob in Bolivia, and remains so to this day. The lads of the Falange moved whole plane-loads of intermediate cocaine *pasta*, on a regular weekly schedule, up to the Brazilian border, and sold it to the Colombians there at a 300 percent markup.

Rudolf Grob says he personally couriered seven loads of *pasta*, 600 pounds per load, for Fiebelkorn. But then, as things were

starting to come apart, in mid-1981, Grob was busted for coke on a visit to *der Faderland*; and it turned out that Bundeskriminalamt agent Joachim Fiebelkorn himself had dined on Grob to the German narco cops, and picked up a snitch fee for it too, in deutsche marks.

In their heyday, Klaus Barbie's European enforcer squad called themselves the "Fiancés of Death" around Santa Cruz. That's an old Spanish Foreign Legion ballad.

From Bolivia to Zimbabwe

Then in early 1981 the Garcia Meza government's own uniformed *coqueros*—such illustrious figures as colonels Luis "Lucho" Arce and Ariel Coca [*sic*] Ramirez—began consolidating the coke trade into their own hands. Fiebelkorn at that time dropped out of sight, officially, but it's believed he wound up in the Republic of South Africa, under the protection of the Boers there. The surmise is supported by the fact that his right-hand henchman in the Fiancés of Death, one Manfred Kuhlmann, was captured last year in Zimbabwe, on a commando mission with a bunch of other non-South Africans in the pay of the South African secret services.

Kuhlmann's prime item of testimony is supposedly the whereabouts of Fiebelkorn in the weeks immediately after the Cocaine Coup of July 1980. Italian authorities charge that no sooner had Fiebelkorn's Falange tied things down in La Paz, than a delegation of them flew out—headed by Fiebelkorn—straight to Rome, to meet with Italian terrorists Stefano della Chiaie and Pierluigi Pagliani. And it's charged that after these crypto-Nazis blew up the Bologna train station in August 1980, they flew back to South America with Fiebelkorn's "security" brigade.

The DEA eventually heard about all this, through whatever grapevine they operate down in "New Bavaria" (as Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina and Bolivia are quite seriously called by hopeful millennialist crypto-Nazis around the world). After that, they deemed it expedient to put Fiebelkorn at arm's length, and sold his dossier to the Bundeskriminalamt. And Fiebelkorn became a spook for *der Faderland*.

Thus things arrive at a classic trans-European stalemate. The Krauts have Fiebelkorn, but evidently need Barbie's testimony to prosecute him effectively. The Frogs have Barbie, but won't let go of him even if the Krauts offer him safe conduct and immunity from prosecution for wartime offenses—because all Barbie would have to do is lie under oath, and the Krauts could instantly bust him for perjury and keep him forever in some Rhineland castle-jail. And the Italians, who could probably mount an investigation of international right-wing terrorism and drug moving that would rock the world, if they could get their hands on Fiebelkorn and Barbie, are relieved of the obligation to do so.

FEDERAL 'QUAT PLOT COLLAPSES

by Charles Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration's plan to dump the herbicide paraquat on pot patches in the national forests of 40 states finally collapsed completely in November when the U.S. Justice Department signed a consent agreement acknowledging that the DEA had been breaking the law all along. By that time the perpetrators of the spraying had been backpedaling for almost three months, since August 12, the day the first paraquat mist was dropped on the Chattahoochee Forest in North Georgia.

That aerial spraying, and a similar paraquat raid on the Daniel Boone National Forest in Kentucky a week later, had met with an outpouring of bad press and public protest. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and a coalition of environmental groups, including the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth and the National Coalition against the Misuse of Pesticides, had filed suit to block the spraying in early September, and on September 13, Federal District Judge June Green granted a temporary restraining order halting the spraying. Before a hearing could be held on a permanent injunction, however, the feds "voluntarily" announced that there would be no more spraying in 1983. They also promised to file an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) before doing any further spraying (though a few weeks later, a DEA spokesman told Congress the agency was only considering such a step).

In mid October, the Justice Department, apparently feeling the weakness of its case, approached the Sierra Club about negotiating a resolution to the still-pending court action. Rumor has it they did not deal directly with NORML, which had been coordinating most of the legal action, because they feared NORML was too hard-line to accept any sort of compromise. A

consent agreement was hashed out over the next few weeks and finally signed on November 9. Judge Green then placed her imprimatur on the document and gave it the legal weight of a court order.

In the agreement, the defendants (the DEA and a number of its honchos, from Bud Mullen on down, along with White House drug adviser Carlton Turner, the secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior, and the head of the U.S. Forest Service) admit to violating the National Environmental Protection Act of 1969 by failing to submit an EIS, and promise to do no more spraying until an EIS has been compiled. They also acknowledge using paraquat for a purpose not covered by its federally authorized "label"—a violation of the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act—and promise, in accordance with the provisions of the label, not to spray in national parks, national forests or on any acreage supervised by the Bureau of Land Management.

The agreement allows for continued research (though not on the above-mentioned lands) to produce a marker or odorant that would alert pot smokers to the presence of paraquat on their stash; and the plaintiffs were given 30 days in which to file for an award of attorneys' fees.

According to NORML national director Kevin Zeese, this leaves the DEA and the various other paraquat promoters two alternatives if they decide to persist in this utterly impractical and ultimately ineffective approach to the "marijuana problem": They can pursue the arduous task of concocting a credible EIS to justify the program environmentally and pressure the Environmental Protection Agency for changes in the paraquat label; or they can take up the fight in Congress and attempt to pass specific enabling legislation.

Either way, the paraquat plot

is bound to be stalled for at least a year since both of these strategies are necessarily time-consuming and subject to legislative or bureaucratic delays.

According to congressional sources, following the Justice Department's capitulation, DEA director Frances (Bud) Mullen moaned, "We were out-gunned by NORML."

This, of course, is absurd. The resources of NORML and the other plaintiffs combined are as nothing compared with the manpower and political clout wielded by the United States Department of Justice. The fact is, the government lost the case simply because it had no case to begin with.

Oddly, the national news media, who had covered the first phases of the paraquat suit in detail, ignored NORML's final victory. There was no conspiracy of silence though: The 'quat

story was simply eclipsed that day, because the capital press corps had more exotic fish to fry. On the very afternoon when the feds officially surrendered on the spraying issue, *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt went before the Supreme Court and addressed the justices as "nine assholes and a cunt." The ink that might have been used to report NORML's paraquat triumph was instead employed to criticize Flynt's arithmetic (though more alert commentators noted that Flynt's figures were not inaccurate, but merely redundant in the case of Justice O'Connor).

At any rate, Flynt was busted for contempt, as were some of his bodyguards for carrying unlicensed automatic weapons, and by the time the fourth estate had finished playing that freak show for all it was worth, the 'quat suit was old news.

'LUDE FAMINE LOOMS

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE LEMMON COMPANY OF SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, announced in mid November that it was immediately ceasing the manufacture of methaqualone. Lemmon-brand Quaaludes were the last pharmaceutical form of methaqualone still made legally in the United States. According to a spokesman for the drug firm, Lemmon was to continue distributing Quaaludes to wholesale outlets through January 31, 1984, or until its inventory was exhausted. Thereafter, remaining stocks were to be sold through retail prescription outlets until "the pipeline dries up."

Methaqualone was first marketed in the early '70s as a "sedative hypnotic" and quickly became extremely popular and widely abused. Touted as an inhibition-reducer and aphrodisiac among street users, and dispensed in quantity by "stress clinics," it was, by the mid-'70s, the sixth-best-selling sedative in the United States.

However, in recent years public outcry over the abuse of Quaaludes and a proliferation of impure counterfeits damaged its reputation among both clinicians and streets dopers. Several states passed laws banning its medical use and elevated it to a Schedule I controlled substance, right beside heroin. The company blamed negative publicity, "an adverse legislative climate" and the flood of counterfeits for its decision to end production, arguing that the drug was still "a safe, effective sedative" when used as directed.

So, by mid-1984, any street 'ludes sold as genuine Lemmon 714s are virtually guaranteed to be fakes, though the importation of European-made methaqualone, pressed into pills by South American syndicates who are not known for rigid standards of drug purity, is bound to continue.

PANAMA OFFERS SHELTER FOR YANKEE DOPE DOLLARS

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

AMERICAN DOPE MONEY IS now rolling into Panama banks to the tune of a billion dollars a year, thanks to the absolute depositor security they provide. The billion that flowed into Panama in 1983—twice as much as 1982, five times as much as 1981—represents at least \$100 million in illegal currency for the Panamanian economy, where the Yankee greenback is official national tender. Although most of the remaining \$900 million circulates back into the United States eventually, it's a major headache for American treasury officials, since it destabilizes the "aboveground" economy; but there doesn't seem to be much that can be done about it if Uncle Sam wants to maintain his accustomed control over the all-important Canal Zone.

The illegal narcodollars are flown in continuously from Miami, U.S. authorities have shown repeatedly, and are unloaded in crates and suitcases at airline hangars protected by the Panamanian National Guard, which appears to be up to its epaulets in dirty-money corruption. Lawyers and bankers in Florida set up the illicit cash transfers, abstracting one bill out of every 10 for themselves. The carte blanche which assures them Guard protection is literally a white card, laminated, with the name of some top Guard officer on one side, and a discreetly ambiguous notice on the other, informing the airport military police that the bearer is entitled to courteous and helpful treatment.

Thus, the Guard officers can deny everything whenever necessary. "That card don't mean nothing," Lt. Col. Alberto Purcell told the *Wall Street Journal* last winter, when one of his cards wound up as evidence in a Florida money-laundering prosecution. "I give the card to

my personal friends. That don't authorize them to do anything illegal."

The very best way to launder money via Panama, the *Journal* advises, is to retain a Panamanian attorney to set up a letterhead corporation there, with a board of "nominee directors"—friends of the attorney

out of the United States and into Panama. Even if U.S. or Panamanian authorities come to suspect the "nominees" of handling illegal bucks, the nominees are not obliged to divulge the names of the real owners of the company.

This arrangement is nowadays much preferable to bank-

The Panamanian arrangement is preferable to banking in Switzerland, where "secret" accounts have been open to inspection since 1977.

who allow their names to be used for a nominal fee. One then opens a secret numbered bank account for the corporation, and after that, unlimited bales of U.S. currency can be crammed into the account, just so long as it can be smuggled

ing in Switzerland, where the "secret" accounts have been open to U.S. government inspection since 1977. Even the once-airtight Cayman Islands submitted to American pressure last year and opened their bank records. But Panama

stands firm.

Banking secrecy in Panama, according to knowledgeable sources, was one of the secret guarantees gained by the Panama government in the 1970s, in exchange for their agreement not to immediately nationalize the Panama Canal. It was reportedly Henry Kissinger himself who cut the deal with former dictator Gen. Omar Torrijos, assuring the banks here permanent freedom from Yankee treasury inspectors.

Thus, Panama today is virtually the only Latin American nation that regularly circulates greenbacks back to American federal reserve deposits, whenever their own coffers become overstuffed. This happens regularly, and causes no end of headaches for the Yankee econocops.

The arrangement also bodes ill for the future of Panama itself. "In ten years," warns a U.S. Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations report, "much of the European and Western world's criminal money will reside in Panama." And by then, the awful people who control that money will assuredly control not just the Panamanian National Guard, but also the entire army, navy, air force and legislature.

SPAIN LEGALIZES HEAD-STASH

M A D R I D, S P A I N

POSSESSION FOR PERSONAL consumption of a small quantity of an illicit drug is no longer a crime in Spain. With the revision of the national Penal Code, instituted last fall, the socialist government removed all criminal penalties—retroactively—for the holding of head-stash.

The new code does not set precise quantities defining the limits of "personal use," but, in practice, *la policía* do not bust for less than 50 grams of hashish or marijuana. The weight limits for cocaine, heroin or other "hard" drugs are less well established, but are thought to be much lower.

However, possession of more than the as yet ill-defined per-

sonal-use limit can still be construed as proof of dope peddling and can draw a sentence of from six months to six years in the *cárcel*. The simple act of passing a joint in the presence of a less than liberal cop can also bring a distribution charge, under the old laws, carrying draconian penalties of 6 to 12 years. Importation of illicit drugs, of course, is still another offense entirely, and border guards may bust incoming travelers without regard to the personal-use limits.

With the passage of the new code, prisoners serving time for petty possession under the old laws were made eligible for release. According to Bob Pisani, executive director of the

International Legal Defense Counsel, which assists Americans arrested abroad, dozens of Americans, Germans, Canadians and French citizens were released from Spanish jails when the new code was instituted.

After more than 35 years of repression under the fascist government of the late Generalissimo Francisco Franco, the Spanish people have developed a ravenous appetite for civil liberties, and the socialist government, so far, seems committed to satisfying that appetite. In fact, passage of the new drug laws went almost unnoticed, in part because the country's conservative Catholics were busy objecting to the almost simultaneous legalization of abortion.

STEROID MADNESS HITS

MIRACLE DRUGS ENLARGE GENITALS, DESTROY SEX DRIVE

by Claire Winston-Levy,
High Times Olympic
Correspondent

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

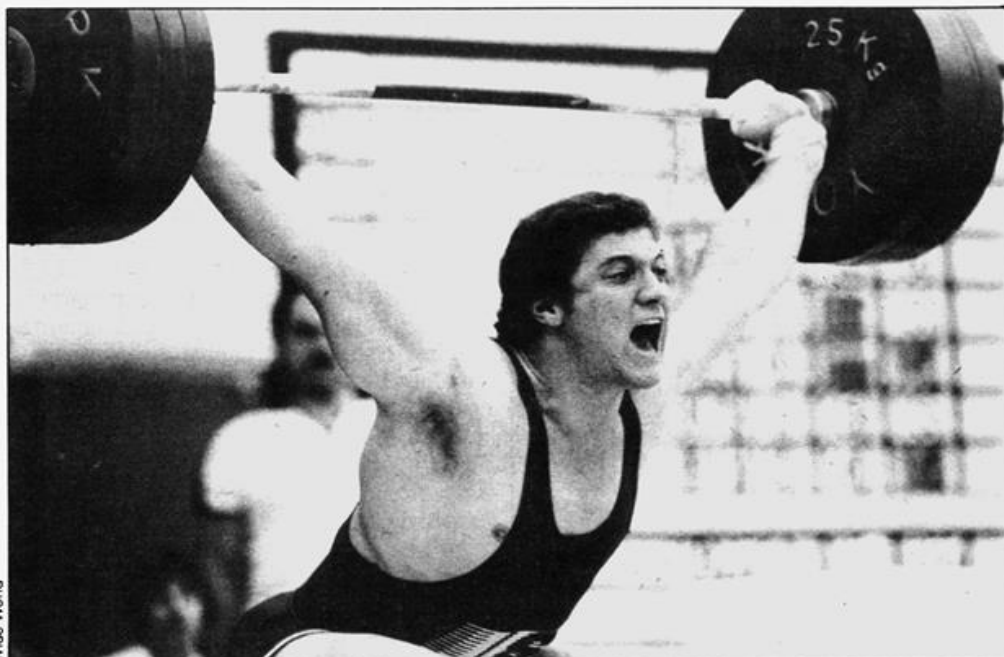
"PHALLIC ENLARGEMENT" IS ONE OF the most often-listed untoward side effects of anabolic steroids. "Increased frequency of erections" is another.

Before leagues of uncertain men and famished women lay siege to their local Rexall's, however, it will be good to note that these particular side effects are undependable, and are negated by a truly untoward side effect: namely, impotence and loss of sexual appetite with prolonged use. So, although the phallic enlargement may be irreversible—at least when it occurs in growing young males—it's bound to turn out like being stuck with a Cadillac that has no carburetor. Steroids are strange drugs.

In fact, as athletes around the world train for the forthcoming Olympic competition here this summer, hundreds of them—maybe thousands—will shortly have to experience another oddity of steroid madness: withdrawals from drugs that don't get them high. While no one has so far charted out and published a blow-by-blow description of steroid withdrawals, comparing them with opiate and alcohol withdrawals for symptoms and time course, it is known that people who abruptly cease use of anabolic steroids can undergo a wide range of melancholy syndromes. Sexual impotence is one of them.

Still, within a couple months, all these Olympic athletes—weightlifters, runners, pole-vaulters, discus-throwers—who've been marinating their muscle tissues with anabolic steroids will have to go off them if they expect to win their events. Nowadays, Olympic winners are routinely given blood and urine tests for steroids immediately after the medal presentation, and if they're found positive, the medal's taken away. And thanks to new developments in diagnostic technology, no participant in the 1984 Olympics can feel at all confident about beating a steroid analysis. Nevertheless, many of them are certain to try, by using newly developed steroid preparations which won't—they hope—show up on the Olympic tests.

"You have this vicious espionage and counterespionage," laments Dr. Irving Dardik, chairman of the United States Olympic Committee sports medicine council. "If the



World-class weight lifter Jeff Michels was stripped of three gold medals at the Pan American games after excessive quantities of testosterone were found in his urine.

athletes feel testing is there as a police measure to stop them from taking drugs, those athletes will find drugs that are not on the banned list."

Last year, for example, some international athletes were discovered to be competing at the world track and field competitions in Helsinki, Finland, while benefiting from *somatropin*—an artificial human-growth hormone so new that it hadn't yet been banned by the International Olympic Committee. However, it went on the banned list after German scientists for the IOC's medical committee found evidence of somatropin in urine specimens from some of the Helsinki competitors.

Many American competitors therefore claim they feel compelled to train with anabolic steroids, arguing that if they don't, they'll lose their edge against foreign competitors, who may not be so closely overseen by their own national Olympic watchdogs. The reaction of many U.S. athletes to the new urine-testing procedures has been markedly emotional and negative, considering that these procedures ought to pretty much equalize matters on the field at the Games. And the reaction of at least some athletes (or their trainers) to "whistle blowers" within their own ranks has been suspiciously akin to the way traditional dope addicts handle dope snitches.

"I'm a squealer," admits Robert Marbur, 23, the California pentathlete who blew the whistle on doping in his own competitive category last year. "It's like Serpico with the New York City Police Department." After reporting that some pentathletes were using minor antidepressants to steady their nerves during the target-shooting competition, Marbur found a bomb planted in his car. He will not be competing in Los Angeles this summer. "I'm *persona non grata* at the Olympics."

"Athletes are taking drugs because they want to win, or because they feel someone else is taking them," recognizes Dr. Dardik. "Let's study how these drugs work, and what we can do to help the athletes succeed without them."

True Horrors of Steroids

Any athlete taking steroids would do well to merely study the "precautions" for his or her brand, as listed in the *Physician's Desk Reference*. All anabolic steroids are derivatives of the male hormone testosterone, and all have pretty much the same effects. Initially, they may give users a sense of subtle well-being, or even "euphoria," though this quickly passes away with regular use; then, once use is suspended, a person can confidently expect a corresponding episode of

/ continued on page 26

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OPERATION CORKSCREW

APPEARANCE AND REALITY IN CLEVELAND

CLEVELAND, OHIO

AMERICANA. PURE AMERICANA.

The scene takes place in a room in the Cleveland municipal courthouse. A graying judge sits with two men: a thick-necked, hard-boiled bailiff and a red-eyed, disheveled lout in a tattered overcoat. The unkempt character has requested this judicial audience on behalf of certain defendants in various pornography and car-theft cases. He is concerned for their welfare and explains that he will do what is necessary to ensure a favorable outcome in their forthcoming trials. Though his appearance is slovenly, he has access to large quantities of cash. He chooses his words with care, not wanting to insult His Honor by being overly direct in offering a bribe. The judge is similarly circumlocutory, preferring not to be overly direct in his acceptance of a bribe.

Nonetheless, a vague agreement is reached. The bailiff, who has arranged this nefarious meeting, listens attentively, for he will be the intermediary in the planned transaction; it wouldn't do at all for a magistrate to be seen taking money. The judge and the man in the overcoat shake hands and leave separately.

Honest to God court corruption, just like in the movies, right? It actually happened this way, several times in 1980 and '81, but it's more real in the movies than it was in Cleveland. You see, nothing in this scene was quite what it seemed to be: The sleazy mafioso, offering the bribe and going under the name of Robert Graham, was really FBI agent Robert Irvin, a major figure in a sting setup called "Operation Corkscrew"; and the man presenting himself as Judge Clarence Gaines was, in fact, a bailiff named Marvin Harris. The bailiff, the man in the bailiff's uniform, really was Bailiff Marvin Bray, but he was also here under false pretenses. He knew the man with the judicial countenance was not Judge Gaines, but he had told "Mr. Graham" (who he apparently believed was a real mafioso) otherwise. And he had convinced his old pal Marvin Harris to play Judge Gaines on the pretext that he would be helping out in a bribery investigation supposedly being carried on by—you guessed it—the FBI. Bailiff Bray, bless his heart, was just after a little ready cash.

If this begins to sound confusing, hang in there; it gets worse. Operation Corkscrew was quite simply one of the most unfathomably botched-up, Byzantine police operations of all time.

It began back in 1977 when federal investigators were reliably informed that as many

as 13 judges in the Cleveland municipal court system were fixing cases for a price. In response to this tip, on February 14, 1978, they launched the "Valentine's Day Raid": 50 FBI agents swept down on the Cleveland courthouse and seized several years' worth of case records. What they hoped to find is not entirely clear (certified bribery receipts, perhaps?), but they spent two years combing the files and came up dry.

During those same two years, Abscam blossomed into one of the FBI's most celebrated successes since the days of J. Edgar Hoover, and the Bureau got sting-happy. What better way to nab those crooked Cleveland judges than to set a trap for them Abscam-style?

So Agent Robert Irvin, formerly a public-relations mouthpiece for the Boy Scouts of America, got into his tramp costume and went downtown to hunt up Bailiff Bray. It seems Bray was said to have bragged that he could fix any case in the local court system for \$3,000 or so. Irvin equipped himself well for this chicanery: In addition to affecting slovenliness, he wore a cast on one arm, fitted with a microphone connected to a tape recorder secreted in a jockstrap. This particular investigative nuance was the product of police psychology. Irvin later testified, "Basically we figured that most men don't look at other men's genital areas, and we knew that Marvin was a straight individual."

Well, not all that straight; Marvin Bray had his own wheels within wheels turning throughout the subsequent meetings with Agent Irvin. There were 50 to 75 such meetings over the next year and a half. Mostly Bray met alone with "Mr. Graham" to cut the case-fixing deals, but now and then—about a dozen times altogether—he had to produce a living, breathing "judge." That's when he recruited his running buddy, Marv Harris, to play Judge Gaines, or Betty Smith to play Judge Lillian Burke.

Betty Smith, who is 53 years old and has 10 children, was making a modest living driving a bus for the county, hauling mentally retarded children around. She looked passably judicial though, especially when Bray dressed her up in a long black robe.

This worked out nicely for a while. The negotiations went on swimmingly for months on end—with Agent Irvin thinking he was piling up evidence for a sweeping indictment that would clean up the Cleveland courts; and Harris and Smith thinking they were contributing to a public-spirited, cloak-and-dagger investigation of attempted bribery; and Bailiff Bray pocketing tens of thousands of dollars in bribe money and fixing no cases

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at all.

So it went until an uncertain date in the latter half of 1981. On that terrible day, an FBI agent, probably Irvin himself, switched on the TV news and watched in horror as a reporter interviewed Judge Lillian Burke—the real Judge Lillian Burke. *This raised questions: If that woman was Lillian Burke, who was the woman Irvin had been cutting bribe deals with? Where was the \$85,000 that had been slipped, over previous months, into Bailiff Bray's beefy mitt? Who was stinging whom? And how would the G-men in Cleveland ever explain to their superiors that no one had ever even bothered to learn what the judges they were trying to set up looked like?*

With the awareness that the Corkscrew charade had been badly bollixed, it became necessary for the Cleveland FBI office to clean up after itself. They undertook this task with a very special lack of grace. When they had discovered the identities of Betty Smith and Marvin Harris, the agents tried to bully them into testifying against the judges they had been impersonating. Both Harris and Smith say the FBI promised not to prosecute them if they would produce information implicating the judges in some sort of malfeasance. Smith insists she told the feds, "I will not lie on Judge Burke because I don't know her." The government ultimately did prosecute Smith and Harris for their misrepresentations, because they didn't testify—or because they had no testimony to give.

Somehow, though, the agents running Corkscrew convinced themselves that they

*It was one of
the most botched-up,
Byzantine police
operations of all time.*

could still resurrect the ever-resourceful Bailiff Bray as their principal inside informant. Bray, who had presumably been living rather well on the bribe money, had been fired by the court for not coming to work. So the FBI made it their business to get him rehired by forging letters from psychiatrists and pulling the numerous other strings the agency has at its disposal. Naturally, Bray was soon back on the job—with another \$2,500 in FBI bribe money bulging in his pocket and a brand-new, miniature tape recorder on his person.

Bray got them evidence all right. He came up with a highly incriminating tape of a conversation between himself and a crooked judge. The only problem was, the judge on the tape turned out to be Bray himself disguising his voice. He also recorded a banal conversation with another judge, switched off the recorder, retired to the men's room,

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switched it on again and muttered for the record, "Here is the money, judge. Thank you very much."

But there are limits even to the gullibility of the FBI, and these ruses were uncovered. The Cleveland FBI office finally gave up on Marvin Bray, and on Operation Corkscrew itself—packed up and went home. All they ever got out of this undercover carnival were three prosecutions: of Smith, Harris and Bray.

Judges don't cotton to other people imitating judges, so the courts were hard on Smith and Harris. Betty Smith pulled four terms of 2-to-15 years for four counts of impersonating a judge; she appealed, and her conviction has since been reversed. Harris received concurrent sentences of 2-to-15 and 2-to-5 years for impersonating a judge and for grand theft; apparently the jury did not believe Harris's denial of receiving any money for his masquerade. He's in prison, but has also appealed. And slick Marvin Bray wangled a surprisingly lenient plea bargain: three years for attempted income-tax evasion (for failing to report the \$85,000 he made off with) and embezzlement (for the last \$2,500 he scammed). He's serving his time.

All this has been reported in court records now, and in the *Wall Street Journal*, but it seems likely as not that this account only scratches the surface. There are, no doubt, frustrated FBI agents who still believe this whole ridiculous, slapstick, double-reverse sting was somehow manipulated by those infamous corrupt judges themselves. And if that's true, Cleveland is sewed up very tightly indeed.

STEROIDS

/ continued from page 23

positive *dysphoria*: vague but definite malaise and physical discomfort.

Regular, prolonged use of any anabolic steroid will produce some measure of "masculinization": deepened voice, profusion of body hair, loss of scalp hair and high blood pressure. Women users can expect to develop pronounced muscles and veins, and enlarged clitorises—and these changes are permanent and irreversible. Worst of all, in growing young people, anabolics physically stunt the growth of long bones in the arms and legs, as they conduce to enlarge genitalia at the same time.

All these changes proceed from the direct "androgenic" effect of testosterone derivatives. The loss of sexual appetite, observed in both sexes, occurs after one's body has become so accustomed to receiving such androgenic supplements from steroids that the production of natural testosterone virtually ceases, directly diminishing the sex drive. This loss of libido is even further accentuated, because all these steroids are converted by the liver into *estrogens*, which

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themselves have the effect of blocking the sex drive.

Steroids are also hard on the liver itself. A common adverse effect of methyltestosterone—the commonest anabolic steroid—is jaundice, caused by a buildup of the drug in the liver: *cholestatic hepatitis*, specifically.

Jocks or Junkies?

Commercial anabolic steroids include Virilon (methyltestosterone) from Star Pharmaceuticals; Android-F (fluoxymesterone) from Brown Pharmaceutical Company; Winstrol (stanozolol) from Winthrop Laboratories; Anavar (oxandrolone) from Searle; and Anadrol (oxymetholone) from Syntex. Indications for the prescription of these drugs range from "eunuchism" to breast cancer to aplastic anemia, but none is indicated for healthy athletes. "Warning," their producers commonly declare in the *PDR*: "Anabolic steroids do not enhance athletic activity." Yet somehow athletes get their hands on these things, and make trouble for themselves and other athletes, for no very well articulated reason.

The notion that anabolic steroids enhance athletic prowess grows out of some early animal tests, which suggested that lab rats given steroids retained energy-giving nitrogen in their fat and muscle tissue. This led to the idea that steroids ought to promote muscle development and economical energy-expenditure in humans; and although the reasoning behind this speculation is scientifically questionable, athletes everywhere (and their trainers) have religiously adopted it.

So far, though, human studies with steroids have shown no such thing. Athletes who are told they're being given steroids, researchers have found, typically perform better as a result, even though what they're really getting is placebo sugar pills or saline injections. There are indications that persons given steroids for the first time do tend to perform better than before, but this may be attributable to the initial sense of well-being which the drugs convey; there are no reliable studies indicating that this initial enhancement of performance lasts any longer than the "induction" phase—any longer than it takes to get tolerant to the drugs, that is. And there is a definite possibility that athletes who go off steroids just before competition may wind up playing a good deal *below* their ordinary capacity, because of the withdrawal syndromes.

Many informed persons, in fact, are beginning to suspect that athletes on steroids may not so much be taking steroids to enhance their training, but may really be training in order to procure more steroid drugs from their trainers, and hence ward off the uncomfortable withdrawal reactions. If this is true, it'll be interesting to see how all those newly detoxified Olympic competitors feel when they're called on to compete in the Los Angeles Games this summer in the very midst of their withdrawals.



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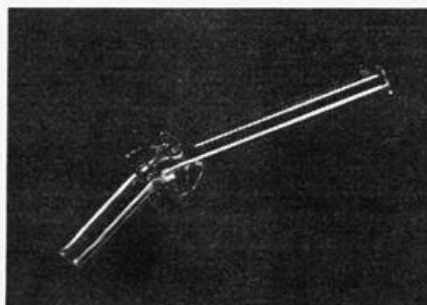
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

VIVA MEXICO!

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

This column has dutifully chronicled the re-habilitation of Mexican reefer over the past five years as it worked its way back from the virtual obscurity suffered in the mid-'70s. Mexiweed was deservedly exiled back then. Much of it was so harsh, dry and unpotable as to be scorned by all but the poorest consumers, clustered in places like Tempe and Santa Fe where lids of Mex sold for ten bucks.

Of course, the demise of Mexican was not simply a matter of consumer choice: Nixon's "Operation Intercept" along the Rio Grande border dampened the enthusiasm of smugglers; political turmoil in the growing country interrupted supply at the source and the paraquat scare discouraged American buyers. But much of the potsmoking culture simply abandoned Mexican in favor of the vastly more powerful Jamaican and Colombian strains that swept the country in the early part of that decade. By 1975 it was almost impossible to find any but the very finest, or very worst, of Mexican pots.

The cops, at their best slow and bumbling during the cannabis heyday of the '70s and at their worst downright stupid, didn't catch on to the Colombian shift until it had happened. By then the public was already tiring of Colombian, and sinsemilla was surging into dealers' warehouses—a drift the D-men are just catching onto today.

It was in 1978 that then DEA chief Peter Bensinger first announced that in the previous six months national crime stats showed more Colombian than Mexican pot had been seized by the blackshoes. Even hardened newscasters—journalism being among the professions most peppered with potheads—had to bite their tongues to keep from laughing when this was aired. As they all knew from their local dealers, Mexican pot had not been seen in major markets for over three years. The tardy stats were attributable to the obtuseness of cops who routinely categorized pot they seized as Mexican, because that's what it had always been in the past. There was nothing in Harry Anslinger's edicts about pot from Colombia.

It came as something of a surprise when, in 1980, Mexican pot suddenly reappeared—slimmer, trimmer, spiffier than ever before, like it had spent its exile in a California spa. Not only did it look better, but it tasted better and packed more of a punch. And it was

everywhere, from Spokane to the Bronx.

The Mexican growing season is, of course, considerably longer than that of most of the United States. So there are actually two pot harvests, one in the late spring and one in the early winter. The winter harvest is the best, benefiting from the cycle of daylight best suited to cannabis growth. The green tide of semisinses hits the U.S. market just as the domestic harvest is beginning to ebb. This has been the pattern the past three years, with the first buds arriving in late November or early December and continuing to trickle in all the way through June.

Early this winter the market was glutted with Mexican, most of it priced from \$900 to \$1,350 a pound. Ounces fetched a hundred and a quarter or thereabouts. Many dealers sold for even more, pawning it off as a domestic sinse.

There are some legitimate complaints about the Mexican: Some smokers say it has a boring uniformity to it; others note too high a chlorophyll count (that's what causes the gummy, foul-tasting, brackish gel to form around the puffing end of a joint, often erroneously referred to as "resin"); and the agriculturally minded argue that harvesters sometimes pick the buds too early, cure it for too short a time and send it on its way weighted with water and ripe for mold.

But these are really comparatively minor problems. For those who want a stronger smoke than basic Colombian and can't afford the pricey supersinses, Mex is a practical alternative.

Dope-will-get-you-through-times-of-no-money-better-than-money-will-get-you-through-times-of-no-dope department . . . You've probably heard about the recent brainstorm at the Treasury Department to issue money of different colors in order to better monitor the country's cash flow—and follow the trail of dope dollars. This should provide a golden opportunity for counterfeiters who could take advantage of traders unfamiliar with the new greenbacks, or yellowbacks or bluebacks. If the new currency plan is executed, watch for bundles of phonies to show up in drug markets, where the authenticity of products purchased is often checked more thoroughly than the pedigree of what it's purchased with.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian Gold and red Colombian Hawaiian buds	arf-arf	oz	90-100
	likewise	lb	750-850
		oz	125
		lb	1100-1200
Mexican tops	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
	passable, usually available	lb	2800-3600
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	lb	500-700
Afghan hash		gm	15
	flatblack	oz	260
		lb	15
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	3250
	excellent when available	oz	25
U.S. sinsemilla		oz	375
		oz	200
LSD	blots from California	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	pawn in army-rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution difficult	lb	75-110
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-10
		lb	50-100
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot		oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
	transport problems solved	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash		oz	60-120
		kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian Red and gold Colombian Sierra buds	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
		lb	60-100
	surprisingly, not that much	oz	15-25
	passable	lb	200
		oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base Cocaine	lots pure as the driven snow	lb	40-60
		gm	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40
		5	

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
		lb	200
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	15
		lb	150
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	oz	175-200
		gm	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	10
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	175-200
		gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Country Club Hills, Ill.	flaky toot, rocks and some cut	gm	90
Chicago	blond Leb, a little dry	gm	7
Rochester, N.Y.	Calif. sinsey, fresh and pungent	%oz	25
Boston	homegrown preppy pot	oz	100
Cape Cod	windowpane acid, no shit	ea	5
Lincoln, Neb.	commercial Mex., bottom of the barrel	oz	35
Minneapolis	robin's-egg speed, hit and miss	ea	1
Washington, D.C.	Moroccan hash, hard, black slabs	oz	120
Virginia Beach	Virginia sinsey, excellent	oz	150
Columbus, Ohio	mushrooms, some had	gm	6

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	diminishing fast	oz	135-250
		lb	1200-2600
Commercial Mexican	cheaper by the ton	oz	60-80
Top-grade Mexican	gold and green	lb	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	120-150
		lb	1100-1650
Jamaican sinsemilla	some supersativas, sticky though	oz	45-65
Commercial Colombian	sudden, severe drought	lb	450-550
Primo	equally unavailable	oz	175
Colombian		lb	1100-1500
Thai sticks	beware of Mexican poseurs	one	85
	seasonal shortage	lb	10-25
Loose Thai		oz	180-225
		lb	175-225
Hawaiian	not their best year	oz	1550-2000
		lb	235-300
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	2700-3200
Black Afghani hash	fresh, gummy slabs	oz	110-140
Paki hash	not seen in a long time	lb	900-1100
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	oz	140-190
Peyote	hard to find	lb	1550-2000
LSD	many varieties	one	165
		one	1600-1900
		100	175
Cocaine	prices down, noses up	gm	1600
		%	one
		oz	3-5
		100	150-300
		gm	90-150
		oz	350-400
Methaqualone	South American pharmaceuticals	ea	2000-2850
	more of a luxury than coke	100	10-20
Meth-amphetamine		gm	300-500
			90-120

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	1/4 oz	50
		oz	200
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	500-600
		one	225-300
Lebanese hash	big mover	lb	2000-2750
		gm	20
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	oz	2400-2650
LSD	blots	gm	10
		one	130-200
		100	100-175
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
			350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	250-275
LSD	fresh from the lab	lb	2500-2700
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	225-275
Cocaine	not a big mover	lb	2400-3000
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

OPIATES

AKA: opium, morphine, codeine, heroin, methadone, Darvon, Lomotil, Dilaudid, Demerol, fentanyl, etc.

Part 1

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

CHARGES

These drugs are all physically addictive and have painful and extensive withdrawal symptoms. Tolerance and dependence develop rapidly. The abuser, once addicted, will need larger and larger doses in order to even feel normal. Abuse of these drugs is mentally, physically and sexually debilitating. Overdoses of the more potent opiates are frequent and often fatal. "It's so good, don't even try it once."¹

NATURE AND USE

Natural opiates are all derived from preparations of the opium poppy bulb. The crudest of these is opium, which is boiled down directly from the sap of these bulbs in much the same way that maple syrup and sugar are produced from sugar maples. In this process the bulbs are cut and bled soon after the poppy petals have matured and fallen away. The boiled raw opium is dark, resinous and often tarlike in appearance and may give off a flowery odor. In Eastern countries this resin itself is often smoked for its sedative, euphoriant and hallucinogenic qualities. In the West, more refined forms are usually used, both as pharmaceuticals and as street drugs.

Although some other drugs have similar antiquity of use for religious purposes, opium and its products are among the oldest drugs still in use in the practice of medicine.

Opiates are used primarily for their analgesic (pain-killing) and constipating effects. The effects vary both by the dosage and by the degree of refinement and purity of the particular preparation. Because they are constipating, low-grade opiates are also used to treat diarrhea. As street drugs, opiates are prized for their production of euphoria and feelings of well-being. They also have antipsychotic, sedative and relaxant qualities and are often used in a drug cycle to counter the more unpleasant effects of long-term or high-dosage stimulant use.

These drugs are the true "narcotics" (from the Greek word meaning stupor). They act by

attaching to receptor sites in the central nervous system and producing chemical changes within the brain itself. Research in the past decade has shown that under normal conditions, or when stimulated by such diverse means as acupuncture and aerobic exercise such as running, the body produces its own, internal, opiatelike substances. These substances, called endorphins, also attach to the opiate receptor sites and have roughly the same effects.

In recent history opiates have gone through refinements that have made their users increasingly subject to addiction. Morphine was used extensively as a pain killer during the American civil war, which left many addicts in its wake. Heroin, the strongest natural opiate, was originally developed as a cough remedy by the Bayer company. It was briefly investigated as a detoxification tool for weaning addicts from morphine, but instead became the major addictive street drug. The long-acting synthetic opioid methadone was developed for the treatment of heroin addiction.

Two opiate preparations were in common use and were favored by many artists and writers at the turn of the century; they survive into our own times. These are: paregoric, a dilute tincture of opium combined with camphor and usually used for diarrhea; and laudanum, a simple tincture of opium in alcohol. Codeine, which is a natural opiate that usually comes in pill form, is often prescribed for dental postoperative pain and other moderate pain. Currently, there

are several hundred natural or synthetic opiates in existence. Opiates can be ingested, injected, snorted, sipped or smoked.³

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Opiates primarily affect the brain and bowel. In the brain they cause relief of pain, relaxation and drowsiness, suppression of the cough center and stimulation of the vomiting center. They can also cause mental clouding and inability to concentrate. They are not reliable for sleep induction. Some people become anxious, restless and wakeful after taking them, while others fall into a twilight sleep marked by vivid dreams. Opiates cause the pupils of the eyes to contract, sometimes to pinpoints. They can cause profuse and uncomfortable sweating. In large doses, nausea, vomiting and depression of breathing can take place.⁴

Both tolerance and dependence to these drugs can develop rapidly. Physical dependence is marked by both a craving for the drug of choice and, in its absence, the onset of withdrawal symptoms which may include nervousness, anxiety, gastrointestinal disturbances, and others similar to those of flu. With morphine and heroin these withdrawal symptoms have a rapid onset, 6 to 12 hours, and are usually relieved by reapplication of the drug, thus reinforcing a dependency pattern.⁵ Opiate abuse is mentally and physically debilitating, although many addicts, during their addiction, seem only able to function when actually on the drug. They also cause a number of sexual dysfunctions,

including total loss of interest in sex, and impotence.

Overdoses do occur and are potentially fatal, due to a total respiratory depression.

FIRST-AID PLUS

Opiate overdoses can be reversed by health professionals in emergency and treatment facilities with opiate antagonists. These are drugs that literally kick the opiate molecules out of their central nervous system receptor sites and block their reentry. If the opiate is methadone or another long-acting synthetic, special care must be taken to periodically resupply the antagonist, as the overdose victim can go back into overdose when the antagonist wears off.

Withdrawal from opiate dependency can be uncomfortable but is not life-threatening. Consequently, it can be accomplished in a wide variety of ways, ranging from "cold turkey"—total abstinence—to methadone maintenance, which substitutes dependence on a long-acting synthetic opiate for dependence on a shorter-acting natural opiate and isn't really withdrawal or detoxification at all. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic we use a combination of psychological counseling and nonnarcotic symptomatic medication or acupuncture for opiate detoxification on an outpatient basis. While detoxification from opiates is relatively easy, as with any addictive disease, real problems arise in conquering the drug hunger that can lead to readdiction.

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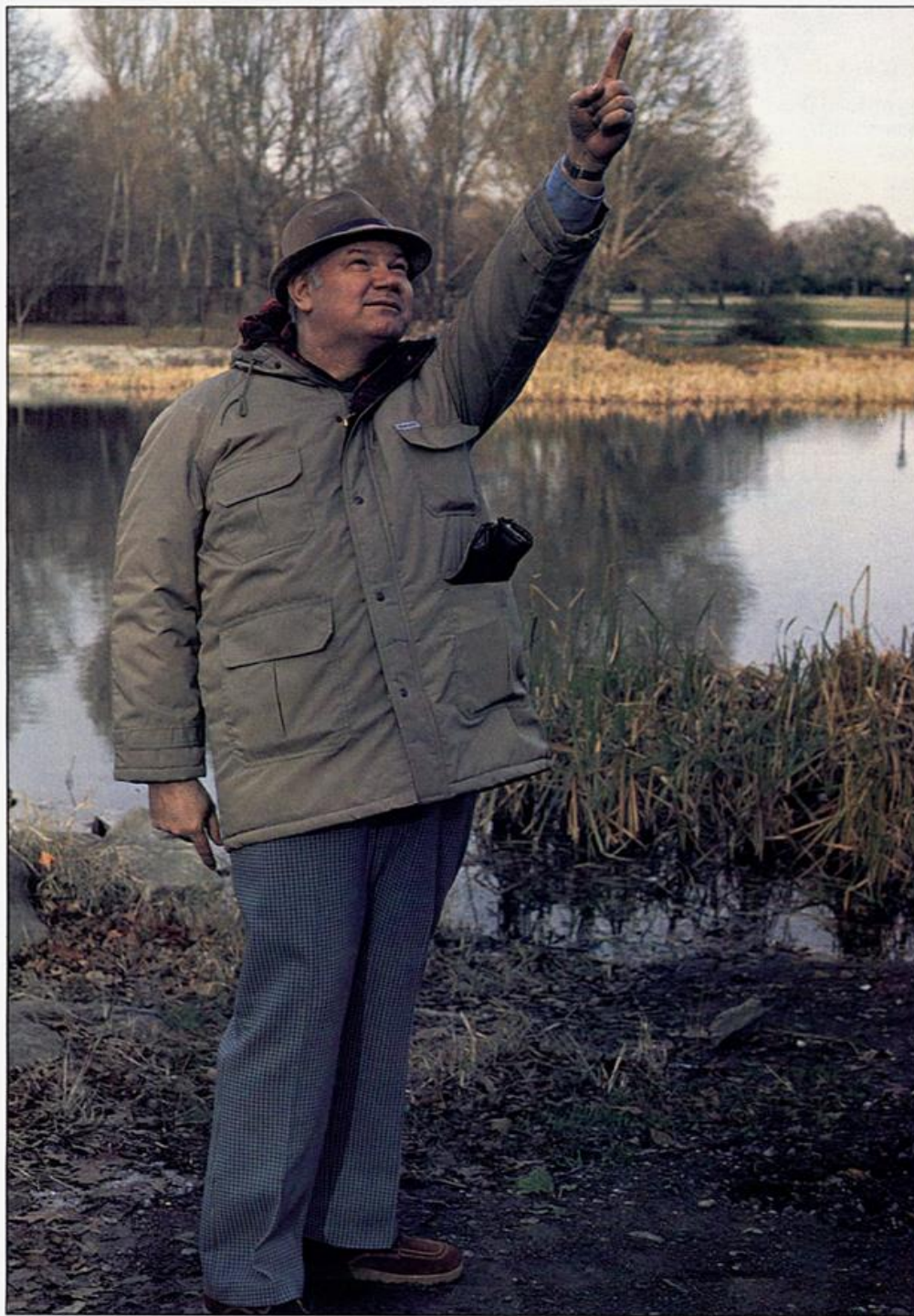
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JOHN KEEL, PART II

UFOs, animal mutilations, huge primordial monsters. Science can't explain these curiosities but Keel can.
by Jim Cusimano and Larry Sloman.



Last month, in the first part of this interview, we began to explore the strange world of author John A. Keel. Searching for the Abominable Snowman, learning the secrets of the Indian Rope Trick, charming cobras in a daring publicity stunt in the window of a Times Square pet store, Keel, by his mid 20s, was the Frank Buck of the pulp magazine market.

Then, after he abandoned his nomadic ways, he settled in as head writer for TV impresarios Goodson and Todman, working on such hit shows as "To Tell the Truth," "I've Got a Secret," "The Price Is Right" and early "Merv Griffin." But then, once again, the bizarre called.

It started innocently enough—a visit to his hometown in upstate New York after the 1965 blackout. But there were strange doings there, spectacular nightly sightings of UFOs. An article for *Playboy* turned into an 80,000-word manuscript, and a passing curious interest metamorphosed into an obsession.

For the next 15 years Keel became known as Mr. UFO. He published five books on the subject, lectured all over the world and advanced the groundbreaking theory that UFOs were not extraterrestrial but had their origins in the psychic and the occult. Rather than benign enlightened "space brothers," Keel noted that the forces behind the UFO phenomenon exhibited the mentality of a malicious five-year-old. He finally posited a Jungian-tinged theory of the collective unconscious, where the UFO forces were seen as pale reflections of our own twisted psyches, shimmering eternally in space and time. In the conclusion of our interview Keel reflects on his years spent chasing down these elusive, annoying, nocturnal visitors.

HIGH TIMES: Well, how long did it take you investigating UFOs to begin to link the UFOs to all the activity that was going on on the ground?

KEEL: Well, that was a gradual thing, you know. I remember I gave a speech in June of 1967, after I'd been in this about a year, in which I had begun to stress that you had to begin to look for these ground-level effects, that they were all linked with the UFO thing, and this did not sit very well with all these believers in extraterrestrial visitors, because part of the belief was that the extraterrestrials were benevolent and kind and had our interests at

heart, and here I was talking about cows being cut in half.

HIGH TIMES: So they didn't want to believe you?

KEEL: Yeah, the UFO believers... the believers in extraterrestrial visitants did not want to believe that the UFOs could do anything to harm human beings or animals. Of course, there's a lot of evidence of that now over the years. People have compiled catalogs of effects on animals and human beings, dangerous effects.

We have several cases where people who are up close to a UFO have died of leukemia within days afterwards. People who didn't have leukemia before this happened would come down with the leukemia you get from radiation, and within three days they'd be dead of leukemia. There are a number of cases of that now, and obviously these things are casting off a lot of radiation.

HIGH TIMES: What else? It's often catastrophic consequences?

KEEL: Well, there's a woman here in the New York area who's blind, and she swears she was blinded by a UFO. A few years ago she saw this brilliant light and it blinded her, and we have other cases where people have been somehow deafened by the sounds of these UFOs, high-frequency sounds.

There was a police officer in Wana-ku, New Jersey, who was unable to speak for an hour or two after he saw one of these things. This is also a side effect many people have observed, somehow it affects their vocal cords, their hearing and the eyes, and a lot of people get conjunctivitis of the eyes from the glare of these things. It's like looking at a welder's forge.

HIGH TIMES: Is there a certain type of person that sees UFOs?

KEEL: Well, we've done a lot of work trying to isolate if there is a selectivity, and it seems that people with certain kinds of backgrounds are more apt to have these experiences than others. If you have Indian or gypsy blood, for example, you're more likely to have these experiences. If you're black or Jewish, chances are you won't have these experiences. It may be simply that black witnesses don't report these things. If you break it down according to the national population, then you would say that five percent of all sightings should be by Jews, ten percent should be by blacks and twenty percent should be by Catholics, but it

doesn't break down that way. Catholics who see these things are usually what they call "lapsed Catholics" or "fallen Catholics." Nonpracticing Catholics will see these things, but practicing Catholics won't. It's like a whole system of selectivity.

I got a list from social security of the most common names, you know, Smith, Jones, Brown, Johnson and so on. You would assume that because there are like four million Smiths in the country that you would get a lot of people named Smith reporting UFOs. That's not the case. The people with rare names, like Wamsley, there are only two Wamsleys in the New York phone directory. Yet here we had several cases of Wamsleys, people named Wamsley being involved... and Reeves is another popular name. People, unrelated people in different parts of the country named Reeves, will have these experiences.

HIGH TIMES: So by 1967 you'd established yourself as pretty much an authority in this field. Why did you decide to be this interested?

KEEL: It's an obsession. Pure and simple, when I got into it I realized how little work had actually been done, and I thought it was time that somebody really did a systematic job on it, and I was really obsessed by it as most people are when they get involved in it, and that was the real motivation, the obsession. I really believed that I could solve the entire thing. I thought I was smart enough to really solve the whole thing and, of course, I wasn't.

HIGH TIMES: I think from the people I've read, you came the closest to solving it, by suggesting that UFOs are not extraterrestrials, but linked to psychic and occult phenomena. Not that your answers are the right answers, but they're in a sense the most coherent answers and the biggest answers. By linking the UFO phenomenon with the whole sort of tapestry of human history, fairies, elves, tricksters, you've done a job of looking at it in a different perspective than anyone else has, so to that extent you did succeed.

KEEL: Well, there are a lot of European books that have been written in which they glorify me and say that I've solved the mystery. Well, I don't feel that I solved it. I feel that I compounded it, that I've found a lot of other mysteries within the mystery and there may not be an ultimate

answer. Dr. Jacques Vallee says that there isn't, that it's unsolvable.

You can only go so far. It's like we're ants trying to understand the universe that we can't even perceive, and I think our basic vision of the universe as a whole is all wrong. We assume that the laws that work here on earth are also working out there in Andromeda, and it may be that on Andromeda there's a whole different set of physical laws. We can't really judge the universe at all, I mean, anymore than the ant can judge his immediate environment. So in that way it's sort of hopeless. A lot of people who read the *Eighth Tower* said that the feeling that they got from it was that it was hopeless, because in a way I'm making fun of the phenomenon.

In that book I was pointing out that the end product of our civilization, without question, is going to be a computer, that if we blow ourselves up, or whatever happens to us... I don't think we'll blow ourselves up. I think what will happen is we're going to overpopulate ourselves to death, we're well on the way now.

When the human race dies, however it dies, the one thing we're going to leave behind is the computer, and that computer is going to be ticking there, maybe for century after century till more men appear on the earth, and they will worship this damn computer because this computer will be smarter than they are, and they'll want to know where it came from or what it was all about, and that's going to be the end result of all of our struggles and sufferings and wars and all the misery we've gone through, and all we're going to leave is a small cube of transistors and batteries, and it's going to be ticking away. And maybe there's a computer like that already in existence somewhere, that's causing all this mischief and beyond our comprehension. It's in a cave somewhere and it's from some ancient civilization. The earth is five billion years old. We know that man is at least five million years old and we don't know what man was up to except in the last five thousand years.

HIGH TIMES: Of course, there are all these theories that the process of evolution happened more than once. But, in fact, you argue against evolution.

KEEL: Yeah, a lot of scientists have dropped evolution. Evolution is very hard to prove. You can prove it up to a

point. You can prove that once a species is born it changes, adjusts to its environment and so on, but we don't know the process of creation. If we knew it we would start creating things. We'd be building Frankensteins, but we don't know how it's done, and if man was born in a natural way, if life was born in a natural way, it had to be a simple way, one that we could duplicate. You wouldn't need much, really, a few chemicals and some electricity, but we haven't been able to duplicate it. And that indicates that something more's involved. I would suspect that early man probably was put here from somewhere else. That would be my conclusion, that evolution... evolution requires a whole long series of accidents and coincidences, the right chemicals are at the right place at the right time, so when the lightning bolt hits, the chemicals are all there and it's very hard to say that this could happen naturally.

Now I see that the religious people are quoting me as the great authority because I came out against evolution. But they ignored everything else that I had to say, which was very anti-religious. Most of my books are, you know... If you can expose UFOs you can expose religion because they have the same origin. The belief mechanism is the same.

HIGH TIMES: So, forgetting for the moment that there might be a computer that was hidden somewhere, causing the UFOs and Bigfoot and animal mutilations—

KEEL: Well, that's not even a theory, that's just a gimmick that I used in the book.

HIGH TIMES: You know, you talk about the superspectrum, the energy belt, and you talk about these phenomena, UFOs, etc., as transmogrified puppets in a sense that are created or manifested or... and with a very low intelligence that go around being kind of stupid, sly and mischievous and fuck up people's lives and ultimately destroy their lives. So what do you think is really behind it?

KEEL: Well, Carl Jung's theory was that it was a collective unconsciousness. The easiest way to describe it is you take one ant and the ant has no intelligence whatsoever. The ant is totally stupid, he has no powers of perception; he's got two little antennae and he can maybe sense the air movements around him, that's all. You take

a million of these ants, put them together and they're highly intelligent. Each one becomes a cell in a brain and then the ants can do incredible things. In battle, they do like a human general would. They plan it, they're organized, they come to a river and they figure out a way to get across the river, but the individual ant couldn't do that, but the collective group could.

Now, you take the human race, each one of us may be a cell in this larger mind, the superconsciousness, which is what Carl Jung suggested, and it's this superconsciousness that is controlling everything, and we're part of it, each one of us is part of it, and so that really means that in a way the religionists are right. They say that each one of us is part of God and whatever you want to call God, we're a part of it. Like a world soul.

HIGH TIMES: But your book suggests that the world soul is inherently evil, that it's a demiurge, that this world is ruled by Satan.

KEEL: Well, you look at it in human history, the influence has always been very evil, and continues to be very evil.

HIGH TIMES: But that's a very Gnostic conception of the earth.

KEEL: And then it goes back to the old religious idea of the battle between good and evil, and evil is always winning, or usually winning.

HIGH TIMES: Where does good come from?

KEEL: That's another philosophical thing. I think good is a negative force in our world. For example, if Hitler had won the second world war, we wouldn't have invented the atom bomb, so which would have been worse? I mean, it's like the lady and the three doors, there's a tiger behind all three doors.

HIGH TIMES: So, you publish these books, there was a shitload of UFO activity around '65, '66, '67.

KEEL: Actually, the UFO wave started in 1964 and continued until about '68. There were four years of very intense UFO activity. Then in 1973 the UFO activity was renewed till '75, and during that period we had major animal mutilations all over the country and at that time I wrote a few articles about the animal mutilations, and again the UFO buffs were screaming and yelling, "Keel is trying to invent this whole thing," and then the mutilations would begin in their own area and they'd investigate them

and they'd begin to see that I was right about what I was saying about the relationship, and then there was a deadly silence from a lot of UFO buffs who had been big believers in extra-terrestrials before that.

Then we lapsed into another period between '75 and about '80 when there wasn't much UFO activity at all, then in '81 and '82 there was a lot of UFO activity that got virtually no publicity whatsoever. There were a lot of these cars stopping at highways, and abductions, and all kinds of sightings—an enormous amount, but now there aren't the old reporting networks that we had in the '60s. There aren't that many ufologists running around anymore.

HIGH TIMES: Are there newer manifestations of the same phenomenon?

KEEL: Yeah, last year we had a lot of them.

HIGH TIMES: Like what?

KEEL: These abductions in particular, or what we call abductions, where somebody is driving along the road late at night, their car stops for no reason at all and then when they do get home they find that they've lost two or three hours' time.

HIGH TIMES: So these aren't UFO sightings.

KEEL: Yeah, there's a UFO usually involved. They see a UFO coming towards their car and then suddenly the next thing they know is it's three hours later.

HIGH TIMES: You did that Mothman book based on your research in West Virginia in 1967. Was that your major field research?

KEEL: No, there were a lot of things in Long Island closer to home, a lot of things in New Jersey closer to home that I was involved in. I was involved in a dozen cases at once at any given time. And I was involved eventually with hundreds of contactees. They were from all over the country. They were writing to me because of my articles. People would travel three thousand miles to spend an hour with me because they were so troubled by what had happened to them and nobody would listen to them.

HIGH TIMES: Give us a profile of what you saw among these people.

KEEL: Well, for one thing, I saw a common physical characteristic. It had gradually dawned on me that most of them looked pretty much alike, that the men all had a certain look about them, the women all had a certain

look about them. It's hard to place, but they all shared certain genetic traits.

HIGH TIMES: They all looked Jewish?

KEEL: No, they all looked sort of Nordic really, like they were from Sweden or Norway or something.

The men would be darker than the women. The women all tended to be blondes or very fair, and it's hard to say, unless you had a hundred photographs of these people and put them up on the wall, you would say, "My God, maybe they're all brothers and sisters or something, that there's some relationship there," and this is something that I tried to get people interested in to explore, because it would cost money to do a genealogical study of these people, and I could never get anybody interested in it because everybody was still convinced that we're dealing with extraterrestrials, but there's a genetic tie-in with all this.

But then there were a lot of other things that they had in common. I was always looking for what used to be called the "devil's mark," where they would have a scar somewhere on their body that they often didn't know how they got the scar, and other investigators have since rediscovered this, but it was common for them to have a scar on the leg or on the thigh, which they said that they'd had since childhood and couldn't remember how they got it.

HIGH TIMES: And this is from the Middle Ages, the devil's mark?

KEEL: The devil's mark, and if you had it in the Middle Ages, it was off to the fire pit with you and they'd burn you at the stake. That was one of their tests.

Brad Steiger has since made a career out of this with what he calls the "star people," and he's decided that there are a lot of star people on this planet and he's published several books about it. He gets a lot of mail and he's dealing with star people all over the country now, but I think they're just people that have somehow been sort of branded, like we would brand cows.

HIGH TIMES: So you're suggesting some kind of maybe a cosmic experimentation or—

KEEL: Not cosmic experimentation. I mean, there's a lot we don't know about our own planet and there may be people left over—

HIGH TIMES: Could you help any of the contactees you saw?

KEEL: Some you can help. For a lot of them there is nothing you can do.

HIGH TIMES: How can you help them?

KEEL: Just by talking it out with them.

One of their big problems is that nobody would listen to them, everybody would just brush it off. A lot of people were convinced that if they had lost three or four hours, something terrible had happened to them that was changing their life, and sometimes I would use hypnosis, until I found out that that was useless. Hypnosis is totally useless.

HIGH TIMES: So when did you get into the "men in black"—the strange men who visit UFO contactees and threaten them to keep silent about their experiences?

KEEL: Well, I think that started with my Long Island cases. I began to hear about these guys who were running about talking to witnesses. When the witnesses hadn't reported to anybody. It's one thing for a witness to get his name in the newspapers and have somebody come around. It's another thing for the witness to see something on Tuesday night and on Wednesday somebody comes around and says, "Don't talk about it." The witness doesn't know what to make of it. I began to hear a number of these stories, and up till that time I thought the men-in-black thing was something contrived by Gray Barker. He wrote a book about men in black called *They Knew Too Much about Flying Saucers*, and I thought that that was part fiction or wholly fiction, and then finally I heard thousands of men-in-black stories.

HIGH TIMES: Have you observed any men in black yourself?

KEEL: Well, I've seen the cars out on Long Island. I got a mysterious phone message to meet somebody at the place called Mount Misery out there, and as I drove up this narrow dirt road there was a black Cadillac sitting there facing me, and as I approached it it flashed its lights on and off, and there were two men in black suits sitting in the front seat and the road was such that I had to go up a short distance before I could turn around, the road was so narrow, and so I passed this Cadillac, turned around and came up behind it, and I was going to park behind it and get out and talk with these two men, and as I drove up, the Cadillac started to move off very slowly and I followed him up and down these roads in Mount Misery, which is the highest point in Long Island—it's

We have several cases where people who are up close to a UFO have died of leukemia within days afterwards.

a rather bleak area—and they turned down this side road and I followed them there and it was heavily wooded on both sides—and the Cadillac disappeared. But there was no place for it to disappear to.

HIGH TIMES: It didn't disappear before your eyes.

KEEL: No, like it went around the bend and when I went around the bend there was no Cadillac and there was no place for it to go. So, that was one of my experiences with the black Cadillac, and a number of times I would arrive at somebody's house, especially in West Virginia, and they would tell me that ten minutes earlier, this guy in a Cadillac in a black suit and everything had been there to see them and he had just taken off ten minutes earlier.

HIGH TIMES: Why a Cadillac?

KEEL: Well, after I started doing a couple of articles about the Cadillacs, they switched to Volkswagens.

HIGH TIMES: What was the next level? After the men in black, what next?

KEEL: Well, you get involved in all kinds of... it seems like conspiracies and they're really games. I got involved in an investigation here in New York in which there was a building on Park Avenue that was—as I learned later—filled with CIA fronts, and for some reason I was maneuvered into going into this building into a certain room and learning all this stuff that I had no need to know about. Obviously there were some very strange things going on in this building and there was an organization there which had a very peculiar name—I'm not going to tell you the name because it's still in existence—and I found out in checking around that this organization had a Cadillac agency in Elmhurst, Long Island, and I went out there and they had like forty Cadillacs, and so I said I'm going to find out something about this outfit. So I went to rent a Cadillac and they wouldn't rent me a Cadillac and yet that's what they were supposed to be doing. It was supposed to be a rental agency, and so a year or so later I was out in the same area again and the agency was gone. They had a huge place.

HIGH TIMES: So what did you make of that?

KEEL: Well, I mean, this strange organization in New York maintained a Cadillac agency on Long Island and they had tie-ins with all sorts of

bizarre things.

HIGH TIMES: You said before that you were being maneuvered into the game. Who was playing the game?

KEEL: I was being maneuvered by somebody, just the way the investigators of the Kennedy Assassination were manipulated. I don't know if you followed this too closely over the years, but people who were obsessed by the Kennedy Assassination kept getting sucked into these games where they would go to a hotel and meet with mysterious strangers who were going to tell them the whole truth behind the Kennedy Assassination.

They would meet with these guys and the guys would give them a very elaborate and convincing story and then when they would try to check it out—I'm talking about professional reporters checking things out—they'd find that these guys didn't exist, that none of the things in their story existed, and why? Why do they do this?

HIGH TIMES: Do you think these are human agents, government agents, occult societies? I mean, what do you think is behind it?

KEEL: It's more occult than anything. Again, we're dealing with these entities who are just being mischievous and playing games with us.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, but I'm saying, do you think it's like a secret occult organization?

KEEL: It's very possible.

HIGH TIMES: That they might be running things?

KEEL: It's very possible, but what are their motives and where is their money coming from and who's doing what to whom? In our animal-mutilation cases there are a number of men-in-black incidents. There was one case in, I believe, Texas, either in Texas or Oklahoma, where all of the local farmers were up in arms because their cows were being mutilated night after night and they decided they were all going to arm themselves to the teeth and really go out every night and be vigilantes and catch these mutilators. So these guys are driving around with the local sheriff and his men, and they see a truck coming along, and there are two guys in the truck in air-force uniforms, and they stop and talk to the guys in the truck, and the men in the truck say that they're in radio contact with an airplane overhead that's searching for the mutilators, and this whole vigilante gang should follow the truck. So these guys go off following

this truck through the night and the truck leads them away and—of course—the mutilations take place that night in some other spot where they're not, and then the truck and the men in the truck disappear, again, way out in the wild somewhere, and it goes around a bend in the road and disappears.

HIGH TIMES: A lot of this sounds like the kind of CIA disinformation, dirty tricks—

KEEL: Yeah, but to what point? Why would the CIA be playing games like that?

HIGH TIMES: Did you ever feel threatened?

KEEL: Well, there was a period when I felt very threatened. There was a period when I was getting letters in the mail, threatening to kill me, and I was getting threatening phone calls, and then at one time it looked like they were setting up a contactee so that the contactee was going to turn up dead and there would be the evidence pointing to me and it looked like they were going to set me up for murder.

I wrote several letters to people like my agents and other people, explaining all the circumstances if this should happen and... but it never happened, but I was really scared and I was very scared for this particular contactee.

HIGH TIMES: Weren't your phones also being fooled around with?

KEEL: Yeah. Everybody's phone was being screwed up at that time. Everybody who was involved in this.

Here's an example of setups that they would use. I would get a phone call and somebody would be threatening me, and then a voice in the background would say, "Hang up, Larry, somebody's coming in now," and then the phone would be hung up. I'd say, "Larry, Larry," how many Larrys do I know, and meanwhile Larry would get a phone call saying that they were going to cut his tongue out and then he would hear a voice saying, "Hang up, John, there's somebody coming in now." So...

HIGH TIMES: Do you think some of this might have been being done by practical jokers at all?

KEEL: No, because some of it was too involved. There was one night in particular when I kept notes and I talked to a lot of people the following week. It happened to about twenty people in one night in different states, and whoever was doing it was paying for a lot of long-distance calls and it

seemed like an organized effort. And obviously at that time the only one you could blame would be the CIA, but why is the CIA bothering all these people? Why are they playing this kind of stupid game?

HIGH TIMES: Did you ever think that you yourself might become a contactee, a victim?

KEEL: I don't think that was any great concern of mine. I went through different stages. At one stage I was determined that I was going to track down whoever was pulling all these tricks and jokes and pranks, and I felt that sooner or later they had to tip their hand in some way, but they never did.

However, a lot of the UFO buffs fell for this stuff. They would either drop out of the field or they would become very antagonistic towards each other. I know there was a UFO group, a very active group, in Boston, and at the end of one summer they were all at each other's throats because of these phone calls and interferences with mail and they were all blaming each other, which is exactly the way it was set up for them to do, and the whole group just dissolved because of all this crap.

HIGH TIMES: When did your own involvement in UFOs begin to trickle off?

KEEL: By 1970. After I finished the book I had to go on to other things. That's when I took a job in the government for a year, went down to Washington for a year, and then when I came back from Washington I went to Woodstock for a while. I was involved in other things.

I feel that my own thinking has gone way beyond that, that I've evolved a lot of ideas since that are just too complex to even talk about and eventually I'll do books about them.

HIGH TIMES: Like what?

KEEL: It's sort of a cosmology, it's sort of a more elaborate development of what happened to man from the beginning and how we've been directed to this point.

HIGH TIMES: I was going to ask you for a little sketch of Keel's occult history of the world.

KEEL: Well, we've allowed ourselves to be misdirected and misguided by these evil forces throughout history. Essentially we worship the wrong gods and now it's all beginning to come home to us.

HIGH TIMES: What do you mean "worship the wrong gods"?

KEEL: I think that by the end of the next twenty years organized religion will be finished. Things will happen that the organized atheists have never been able to accomplish, and that religion itself—the Catholic church has this belief too—that organized religion is on the way out, and you just look at what's happening in the Catholic church, they're having a terrible time now getting new priests, and things are changing very rapidly.

HIGH TIMES: What's going to replace it?

KEEL: Well, that's it, we're going to need some new system of belief, but we're probably not going to get it because we're going to revert to an animal state as the population increases. It's already happening all around you in New York. There are a lot of people in New York living on an animal level. They're out there mugging and stabbing people. It's happening worldwide and we're going to be reverting back to a very primitive state. What is illiteracy going to bring us?

When survival becomes the main consideration it only takes two weeks to take a civilized human being and turn him into an animal. The army proves that over and over again. It takes just two weeks to do it, and in two weeks, if your food and water supply were cut off tomorrow morning, two weeks from now you would be out there killing to get something to eat, because the instinct for survival is so strong, and that's going to be happening all over the world. And it's starting to happen in the States, in the major cities, we have these terrible problems. What we have is a superfluous population. We have people who just cannot fit in any way into our society, and our society can't support them either, and so they're going to live the best way they can.

That's what we're facing now in the next twenty years. Growing terror. And the breakdown of the educational system is probably responsible.

HIGH TIMES: But you don't see an Armageddon-type thing, you don't see a nuclear disaster?

KEEL: No, this has been hanging over our heads for thirty-five years.

HIGH TIMES: But if you talk about this "superspectrum" or whatever you call it, that manipulates people, events, you know, physical reality, why can't you see them fucking

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around with Reagan and Andropov and causing the ultimate mischief?

KEEL: I just don't think that it would work that way. I don't think it's in their interest to do something that totally—

HIGH TIMES: But hasn't the history of the earth been civilization continually destroying itself?

KEEL: Yeah, but on a small scale. That's not in their interests, to destroy the entire human race.

HIGH TIMES: What about Atlantis? What you seem to be saying is that these things are worked on a very tiny scale, but there's a nastiness and viciousness where it doesn't seem to have cosmic or global implications. The phenomenon almost seems petty, small.

KEEL: But this phenomenon ruins people's lives. There was a very well known psychiatrist in West Virginia, in fact the only psychiatrist in West Virginia. He was sitting watching television and suddenly he heard a voice in his head telling him to go outside, and he stepped outside and he saw a flying saucer. And so he became a fanatical believer to the point where he ruined his career.

There was a well-known physicist, famous in the field of metallurgy. He had his own company and he was driving along one night and he had a UFO experience and the upshot was he sold his company, dedicated his life to UFOs and it ruined his whole life. It happens again and again.

My old friend Ivan Sanderson was a marine biologist, zoologist, and he would investigate the UFO cases and he'd say that this force had the intelligence of a four-year-old. These cases would remind him of ape behavior. He really had it nailed down. The UFO buffs like to think they're dealing with superior beings with advanced technology. But you're really dealing with a bunch of morons with four-year-old mentalities.

HIGH TIMES: So if you want to sum up your theories now on the whole UFO phenomenon and its associated manifestations, Mothman, Bigfoot, etc.?

KEEL: Well, ultimately nothing has come of it. We've had some thirty-five years when everybody expected something to come of it and it hasn't changed the human condition at all that we can see that's discernible. It's put us through a period of maybe consciousness-raising, but in the end

nothing has changed, and it's had no effect on us.

HIGH TIMES: I have a definite feeling that in *The Eighth Tower* you're really thumbing your nose. I mean, it's like ultimately you're sneering at the whole thing and you're sticking your tongue out at it just the way it's mocked you and the ultimate weapon against it is mockery.

KEEL: My one favorite phrase has been "belief is the enemy," and no matter what you believe in, it's wrong. If you have facts to back up that belief, then it's not a belief and then it's something you know. You know that a Volkswagen exists because you've ridden in one or you've seen one or you've been run over by one, but you don't know that UFOs exist and therefore you believe that UFOs exist.

HIGH TIMES: You know, one of the things, that the result of all those 35 years, you said a raised consciousness. What you meant by that, I suppose, that you mean ultimately it will spit in your face. But what I'm wondering about is, haven't these things sort of created the situation where you can't believe in them anymore?

KEEL: What's happened is that a lot of people have lost their faith in the UFOs. That's why the subject is dying. There were people in the early '50s who followed this for years, and thought it was going to change everything and it changed nothing.

HIGH TIMES: That was my question earlier: Do you see the phenomenon changing again?

KEEL: Yeah, it changes with us, it changes with the times.

HIGH TIMES: On the one hand you say, yes, it's a reflection of our own beliefs and our ideas and fears and innate evil or whatever—

KEEL: Well, it's very hard to find the term for it. I mean, it's very enlightening once you know something about UFOs, to go back and read the Bible cover to cover, because that's what the Bible is all about. It's just full of this stuff.

There are many men-in-black episodes in the Bible. There are many UFO incidents, some of them spectacular incidents that people love to quote, like the man who was on the road to Damascus who was blinded by the light.

HIGH TIMES: But Jesus seems to be different.

KEEL: Well, that was a creation of a Greek writer about the fourth-century

A.D., some fellow sitting in a monastery in Greece came up with that story.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that these ultraterrestrials, this force, do they have an existence independent of us?

KEEL: No.

HIGH TIMES: That's what I'm trying to get at.

KEEL: And so if they blew us up they'd cease to exist too.

HIGH TIMES: I mean, in other words, they don't have like a will of their own. We don't coexist on this planet with them.

KEEL: No. It's an *interrelationship*, and everything points to that.

HIGH TIMES: They're parasites. But what is the point if they create the conditions for disbelief? How do you explain that?

KEEL: Well, they've done it throughout history. They've set up the belief for the fairy commonwealth, and that was a big belief in Europe for a hundred years, two hundred years, and then all of a sudden everybody decided that fairies don't exist and today nobody believes in fairies anymore except the people that live in Ireland and places where they still see them.

HIGH TIMES: So we've driven back to that record that you talked about in *Eighth Tower*, where there's a beginning, a middle, an end, and they've got to keep telling that same story over and over again, and once they've got to the end they've got to start at the beginning. They're always going to debunk themselves so they can start over again?

KEEL: Yeah, that's the circle.

HIGH TIMES: Has anything happened since you've stopped really devoting your life to this? Anything new that really has surprised you?

KEEL: No, I don't think so. There haven't been any real surprises for me in years. Once you're steeped in the subject and know all about it, it even becomes predictable, so there is nothing really new. There may be something new in the next century, when you have the problem of a real overpopulation and they gear themselves for that. Think of the mischief they can cause then.

HIGH TIMES: Ultimately, the whole phenomenon seems basically kind of trivial.

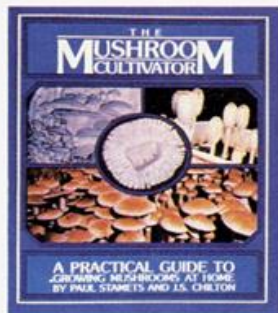
KEEL: But it makes itself untrivial. It's like the trivial actor who makes himself overconspicuous: "Look at me, look at me." □

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COKEAROMA

Though it was created by a scientist who at one time worked for the Coca-Cola Co., Psychem Cocaine Aroma is absolutely not the real thing. But it does *smell* exactly like sweet cocaine, and for some people that seems to be enough. by Dean Latimer

First, Pure Research

"WOW!" she yelled, and you could see the whites of her eyes all round her pretty olive irises. "I don't believe it!" And the whites of her eyes developed that telltale cocaine glitter as she dipped the little plastic plunger back into the vial of clear liquid and insufflated another rich honk of it up into her pretty nostrils. "That's incredible! Incredible!" She was very happy.

Now, this "Psychem Cocaine Aroma" is not a sure-fire way to pick up chicks. Not at all. In fact, far from it, as I shall shortly explain. This was just the immediate reaction to it of a single individual: a very young Manhattan disco dolly who had been cocaineless for nearly a week, and was decidedly unhappy about it. But I didn't know that when I offered her the little bottle of Psychem—"Here's something new, whatcha think?"—at the boring gallery-opening. I only knew it made her happy and got her high, because the signs were unmistakable. She got all breathy and excited, and that telltale norepinephrine glitter lit up in her eye-whites like all Manhattan coming out at dusk; and she was around to me again within the half hour, so chummy and sort of wistful, why, it bordered on the amorous.

"Here," I said, "why don't you take the whole bottle home with you?" I am pretty nearly old enough to be this poor child's father. "I got lots, really."

"Huh?" She could not scope that one out at all. "I couldn't do that to you. How much is all this stuff worth?"

"It's not cocaine," I stated firmly and clearly, and she automatically looked around for narcs within earshot of my voice. "It's absolutely legal. It's not cocaine at all. It's free, for me, anyhow. I got plenty, see?" And I showed her the other three Psychem vials in the zipper pocket of my canvas book bag. "Take it home, go ahead. Call me in a couple days, though, and tell me how much you like it by that time. Okay?" She accepted my calling card, a little confused but palpably grateful, even while she held the open bottle under her nose, insufflating the fumes all the way alongside her nicely sculptured septum to the olfactory receptor cells in her superior turbinate. She was happier than ever now. Free dope, and the guy wasn't even hinting about a little slap-and-tickle in requital.

But she didn't call me two days later. By that time she was so pissed off, she sought me out at a midtown tavern I notoriously frequent, slapped the three-quarters-full vial on the tabletop and snapped, "Very funny! Very goddamned funny!"

And then I had to listen to her problems with her pushy and undependable connection, and her problems with cocaine, and ultimately the entire story of her fledgling but immensely eventful life so far. Now she turns me on, and I am very fond of her indeed, but it's all strictly Dutch uncle as far as she's concerned.

So, as you can see, Psychem Cocaine Aroma may well qualify as a fairly promising new way to pick up chicks, and undoubtedly guys as well, if one is careful. But it can turn on you like a

snake if you don't know what you're doing.

Witness the remarks of an emergency-ward nurse, for instance: "That's very poorly purified cocaine there. It must be like the garbage you people get on the street, huh?"

And contrariwise, a lady who deals that selfsame street garbage at \$120 per gram: "Too good. I think your friends who make this ought to step on it a couple times. Nothing that good can be real."

A liberal-arts grad student: "That's great!" Then, uncertainly: "Am I supposed to get high now?"

Finally, a lady in her mid thirties who's done every outlandish sort of drug under the sun—a peer, forsooth—and has had problems with more than one, in the past:

"Too much. You really ought to step on this a couple times, Dean. Nobody gets coke this good on the street."

"That's what everybody tells me. I wouldn't know, myself. Never done coke in my life. This stuff smells like so much Xerox toner to me."

"I know you've never done it. So why are you promoting it?"

"Who's promoting it? I'm field-researching an article on it. I'm not telling people they ought to pay *money* for the stuff."

"But people will, you know."

"Not very often, I don't think. People who've never done coke before will never buy it *twice*, because it won't get them high at all. And people who *have* done coke will only get off on it once or twice—without even going through a full bottle—before they realize that

they're just cuing themselves into the high, by the cocaine-smell associations. Like Pavlov's dogs."

"Right, it's disgusting. It's a rip-off."

"What do you mean, a rip-off? Every one of these vials comes wrapped in a paper fold-over, clearly printed, see? 'This is only a fragrance.' No drug in here. 'It should not be drunk, eaten or otherwise put inside the body.' You get the smell of cocaine, and nothing else, and that's all that's offered. That's not a rip-off."

"Nobody reads that fine-print tripe. Somebody in Pocatello, Idaho, is going to get really high on this stuff a couple times, and think it's real cocaine. Then when it doesn't get him that high anymore, he's going to fix it. And you know that."

"Jesus, no, I hadn't thought it out that far. Really, I've never *done* cocaine, because I was a speed freak back in the '60s. You really think that'll happen? Some idiot will shoot this?"

"Absolutely. So why don't *you* try shooting it yourself first, and see what happens?"

"I'd rather do it with lab mice first. But hell, y'know, I don't see how anything *would* happen if somebody fixed this stuff up."

"How do you know that? Do you know what's in it *exactly*?"

"Sure, I've got the patent here in my book bag. It's methyl benzoate, methyl cinnamate and the diethyl esters of Truxillic acid. In a seventy to twenty to ten ratio respectively."

"And you know everything there is to know about that stuff, I suppose."

"There's a whole chapter on them in W. Golden Mortimer's *History of Coca*. They're from the three main *aromatic* alkaloids in coca leaves. Pure lab-grade cocaine itself is perfectly odorless, but in street-grade cocaine—the stuff the Latinos cook up out of coca-leaf paste in the kitchens near Manaus in Brazil—there's always a good trace infusion of these three aromatic alkaloids. *This* stuff is what the airport dope dogs sniff for, not for the cocaine itself."

"Does your coca book say what happens when you *shoot* these chemicals?"

"Not that I recall. Mortimer says the Truxillic acid sort of helps along cocaine's topical-anesthetic action, but that's about it. The book came out in 1904, after all."

"Great! You're really *up* on these chemicals, aren't you?"

"Well, look, um... Everytime somebody shoots street cocaine, they necessarily do up a good dose of all these aromatic alkaloids, right along with the co-

caine. They've been doing that for over a hundred years now—ever since the hypodermic and cocaine were developed at the same time—and it doesn't seem to hurt anybody in particular, except the dummies who overdose—on the *cocaine*, mind you. This stuff didn't hurt you while you were shooting coke, did it?"

"Wonderful. It's just a harmless rip-off, huh? So what happens when somebody takes a batch of ephedrine and lidocaine, and pours this stuff all over it? Then you've got the perfect rip-off. It freezes your nose like coke, gives you a little speedy rattle and it smells *just* like coke. So you can burn kids with it at a hundred dollars a gram."

"*Kids!*? What's this *kids* bullshit, man? If some damn *kid* knows from experience exactly what top-shelf South American cocaine smells like, and is prepared to piss away a hundred bucks in pop-bottle and allowance money on that candy-ass drug, then that *kid* *deserves* to get ripped off, just like any other asshole who wastes money on cocaine."

"Okay, okay, sorry. But you admit it is a rip-off now, don't you?"

"No such thing. That was the first thing I thought about when I heard about this cocaine aroma. So the first thing I scored some, I broke out some mannitol and drenched it with Psychem oil. It corrupted the crystals, made them all glocky and awful, and there was no way you could pass that off as cocaine, even to a suckling infant."

"Are the people who make it really that stupid?"

"They do it on *purpose*. I checked with them after I did that to the mannitol. And they said they'd selected their diluent—the suspension fluid—specifically because it has the property of corrupting crystals. They didn't *have* to do that, but they did it. These guys have big plans for this stuff. It's not just a fly-by-night rip-off novelty item."

"Oh, God, don't tell me. Spare me! This stuff is going to be used in drug-rehabilitation clinics to treat poor coked-out dope fiends, isn't it?"

"Exactly. You put the precise name on the whole scheme."

"Like methadone! Another stinking methadone scam."

"Hey, now, don't go knocking methadone. A lot of my best friends would be dead today if it weren't for—"

And so on, ad nauseum. I had forgotten that a lot of seasoned drug-culture people—especially people who've had to shake themselves loose of a cocaine Jones a few times—can tend to a partic-

ular sort of pickiness and disputation while under the influence of any stimulant alkaloids at all. Even if they only *suspect* they're under the influence.

So as a pick-up gimmick, this Psychem can be problematical. In most cases—men as well as women—it's a fairly effective social icebreaker, at least in the artsy-litsy circles I inhabit. Most people who do coke just for idle pleasure—which is far and away most people who do coke—just get pleasantly intrigued and chatty. People with a current cocaine Jones get all excited initially, and then disappointed and resentful. And people who positively distrust cocaine from experience are certain to violently repudiate Psychem Cocaine Aroma, as well as the person who puts it under his nose.

Of course, even in New York City there are still some people who've never snorted cocaine before, even—somehow—some young women. For them, without exception, "It smells just like laundry detergent." Oxydol is the brand most often mentioned.

To me it smells like Xerox toner, and the reek of it at this moment is pretty overwhelming. Earlier tonight, a vial of it accidentally opened in my britches pocket, and now, every time I reach for my cigarette lighter I get the oil on my hand. Then it gets in my mustache, and then in my mouth, and everything tastes vinegary-metallic, and it has a mild *astringent* activity on the lips. It's hard to believe that these three aromatic coca alkaloids—methyl benzoate, methyl cinnamate and the diethyl esters of Truxillic acid—really do constitute the major part of the secret flavoring agent that goes into Coca-Cola. I've been hooked on Coke all my life, but it never tasted anything like this before.

Now, Pure Chutzpah

Warren James Woodford, Ph.D., the inventor of Psychem Cocaine Aroma, was put through Emory University by the good Coca-Cola people of Atlanta. Yes, he was actually a Coca-Cola fellow. That was the late '60s and early '70s, though, and besides his chemistry degrees with specialties in forensic chemistry and toxicology, Jim Woodford over that period cultivated a fine thick head of curly black hair, and a curly black beard, and dungarees and anti-war convictions and all the rest of it. Discovering himself consequently unwanted in the Coca-Cola lab in Atlanta, Woodford resolved to put his extensive special training to nobler ends than peddling coca alkaloids to small children. He became an expert forensic

witness in the Atlanta courts, specializing in drug-defense work. He was so outstandingly good at it that today he's a member of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers.

During the late '70s a really inordinate amount of Jim Woodford's time began to be taken up with cocaine-smuggling defenses. Over that time, you see, Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport gradually supplanted all other East Coast airports as the central transshipment entrepôt for cocaine, after it's moved in from South America through Florida. So the best dope-sniffing dogs in the U.S. Department of Justice were put on 24-hour shift at Hartsfield. And with them came Drug Enforcement Administration supersniffer Paul Markonni, whose personal nose was rated last year, by all the judges of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, to be just as good as any of his four-legged brothers and sisters in law enforcement, when it comes to sniffing out narcotics in people's luggage. (See "Highwitness News," Sept. '83.)

Now, cocaine itself is always officially called an "odorless" drug in such gospel-quality reference tomes as *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* (Goodman and Gilman), *Cocaine Reconsidered* (Grinspoon and Bakalar) and even in *The Merck Manual*, which certainly ought to be conclusive, since the Merck family's been peddling pure cocaine since the 1870s. Since all the sources are in such emphatic agreement on this point of cocaine's absolute odorlessness, Dr. Jim Woodford gradually commenced to get suspicious as time went on. Just exactly what is it that so kindles up the olfactory receptors of Paul Markonni and his quadruped colleagues, and causes them to go "alerting" all over the immediate vicinity?

To be sure, compared to the dope dogs, Agent Markonni's own "alert" response seems to be pretty laid-back. According to the court record, he just leans over the luggage carousel at Hartsfield, sniffs the baggage as it trundles along and quietly alerts the suspect afterward that Markonni has reason to suspect there's dope in that suitcase. In contrast, the alert responses of cocaine-sniffing dogs are so spectacular that ordinarily they do their sniffing out of the public view, in consideration for the public's sensibilities.

When Dr. Jim Woodford ultimately determined the primary odoriferous elements in street cocaine—methyl benzoate—he also found a clue as to why canine alert responses to coke are so very special. Methyl benzoate deriv-

atives happen also to be prime canine "copulin pheromones"—odors which, when they're exuded from the pudenda of a bitch in heat, instinctively cause male dogs to gain erections, commence humping motions, ejaculate, piss, slaver and behave generally disgracefully.

(I have not tried out my Psychem-soaked corduroys on any dope dogs. If I had to suddenly fly anywhere today, though, I might never get out of Kennedy International unbestialized.)

Methyl benzoate is also, it turns out, a common element in fabric dyes, available at 13 to 17 cents per pound on the open market. After he'd determined the other two aromatic elements in street cocaine—methyl cinnamate and the diethyl esters of Truxillic acid—Woodford was surprised to find them no less available or more expensive.

Oh-oh, Woodford realized right at that point, in 1978. Anyone at all who might want to counterfeit the perceived odor of "cocaine" could do so in a minute. That person could patent it then. And if such a patent were to be taken out by any self-interested, unscientific party—the police, for instance—then they could effectively stifle the commercial production of a cocaine aroma for 50 years to come.

It would certainly have been in the Drug Enforcement Administration's best interests to stifle this development. If it's true that those dope dogs are sniffing nothing but these three perfectly legal, unscheduled, nonintoxicating coca aromatics, then they're already in trouble. Those dogs aren't really detecting narcotics *after* all, if that's true, so their legal designation as "drug"-sniffing dogs can be stiffly challenged.

And what happens if it can be shown that dope dogs will alert all over something like Woodford's concoction here? It contains no cocaine, remember. And by the fundamental precepts of constitutional due process, those dogs just can't be used at all if they go alerting over perfectly innocent, noncontrolled, nonintoxicating substances. This prospect evidently disturbed some fairly well-placed authority figures, once Woodford's formula had been submitted to the U.S. Patent Office in 1978. It took years and years to get that patent.

"We had a lot of trouble with the Patent Office," recalls Atlanta consultant Steve Swimmer, who, along with Reber Bolt, founder of the legendary Atlanta Law Clinic and one of the nation's most respected civil-rights lawyers, form the remaining two-thirds of Old Factory's ownership. "They kept dragging their heels on the final award, telling us this

"I've spoken to people who have been getting ephedrine for so long that they don't even *like* cocaine when they get it all by itself. They want that ephedrine rattle. Cocaine's too smooth for them." —Dr. Ronald Siegel

thing had never been done before. I kept having to remind them, 'What's the Patent Office for?'

Ultimately, though, they worded the application just right. "The Available Aroma of Cocaine," they alleged, was being primarily concocted to assist the police in their cocaine-stopping procedures: "So as to familiarize them with its distinct aromatic smell," without the poor darlings actually having to risk getting *high* on something. And it would be a wonderful thing to try on their dogs, too, "because of their ready adaptability to reflex conditioning." This sort of cant finally won them the patent in April 1982, so chemist Woodford and attorney Swimmer set up a company for its development: Old Factory, Inc., of Atlanta.

Despite the levity of their situation, they knew already that they were in rather more potential trouble than they'd originally started out to make. "I definitely anticipate that we'll take a bust on this eventually, somewhere down the line," Swimmer said after they'd field-tested their new Psychem Cocaine Aroma. "This stuff definitely does get some people high. Just *some* people, and just for a little while. But it does get them high."

Next, Pure Science

It was pretty much what they'd reluctantly come to suspect. No person with ordinary powers of skepticism would have flatly predicted it as a *surety*, but the signs had all been there in the cocaine research literature. This new stuff was bound to get *some* people high, even if there was no drug in it whatsoever.

It was in April of 1978 that Dr. Robert Byck of Yale published in *Science* magazine his now-famous determination that experienced cocaine tooters don't really need cocaine at all in order to get nicely lit. After his findings at Yale were independently replicated elsewhere, in March of 1982 Byck republished the news in *Scientific American*, along with a terrific nerve-cell-by-nerve-cell run-down on exactly how cocaine works in the body. But by then, those in the know—like Jim Woodford and Steve Swimmer—had been meditating on this "placebo" puzzlement for years already.

As Byck describes cocaine euphoria—along with every other honest researcher who's ever measured it in vivo—its most remarkable characteristic is its *subtlety*. People who snort it do not, ever, experience the sort of "mind-bending, ecstatic release of uncontrollable psychic energy" that you read

about in *TV Guide* and hear about on "Good Morning, America." You do get exactly that sort of feeling—as I acutely recall it—from a fix of methamphetamine straight into the old mainline, but that sure doesn't happen with coke snorters. They just feel a little *better*—a little healthier, a little more linked-together, just a trace more footloose and fancy-free within themselves—than they did a moment before. It's an exceedingly subtle access of general well-being and chumminess—"euphoria" is far too complicated a word, and its very subtlety is the reason for this placebo phenomenon.

This is not to say that some people don't get carried away with the stuff, and abuse it for days and weeks on end, becoming a terrible embarrassment for themselves and an odious presence for their friends and loved ones. God knows you hear no end of *that* sort of thing. But those people are a self-selected minority of all coke tooters, and it's a valuable educational experience for them, more often than not. We're just talking about the high itself here, and among all intoxicants, cocaine is a conspicuously *subtle* high.

The high itself, Byck and others have long determined, is characterized by the liberation, throughout the nervous system, of a highly sociable and enlivening nerve-juice called "norepinephrine," or NE. Patriots get a nice flush of NE when they see the Stars and Stripes being unfurled; joggers get a flush of NE when they settle into that steady, effortless lope which they know will carry them by *itself* for endless miles; actors receiving applause; orators swaying the maddened crowd to action—they're all enjoying elevated intersynaptic levels of NE. It's subtle as hell, but decidedly agreeable.

Dr. Robert Byck at Yale knew all about cocaine and NE when he set up the coke-snorting protocols in his lab there in 1977, so he presumably wasn't wholly surprised by what he observed. Volunteers who'd been snorting street cocaine for years, first of all, were just a little bit skeptical at first about this 100 percent pure, frosty, *odorless* powder from Merck, Sharp & Dhome: USP-grade, nonstreet cocaine hydrochloride. "No subject taking lab cocaine reported feeling any 'rush' within a five-minute period following intranasal lab cocaine," the Yale team reported in 1978. In fact, they didn't rightly start noticing they were high at all until about 15 minutes after snorting, when their blood levels of cocaine began peaking.

Now, snorters of street cocaine get

a special little pick-me-up—Byck's "rush"—the very second the *smell* of the stuff hits the backs of their noses, well before their blood levels begin to peak. Experienced coke tooters expect to get high after that very special smell explodes in their upper nostrils; and since they *like* getting high, they get a special little anticipatory rush of *their very own norepinephrine*, before the cocaine kicks in to *sustain* that elevation of NE. But you need that trusty old street-coke odor for that: *Me* benzoate, *Me* cinnamate, and *di-Me* Truxillate.

"Street cocaine generally retains a halo of cocaine associate aromatics which are not present in the laboratory grade material," noted Byck. In fact, the best Merck at Yale was rated by Byck's subjects as less than *half* as satisfying as the best street coke they'd ever done in their lives.

This in itself was all pretty startling, but it was the lidocaine placebo effect that really made the wire services.

Since government guidelines stipulate that only "experienced" coke snorters should be accepted for coke-snorting experiments, researchers are always hard put to devise adequate experimental "control" structures. Since he couldn't give cocaine to non-coke-heads, Byck tried structuring the study so that each cokehead served as his own control (all volunteers being male). The lad would snort some lab coke, and self-rate his euphoria quotient while machines electronically monitored his plasma coke levels, his heartbeat, his blood pressure and pupillary diameter and so on. Then the next day, to get a "nondrug baseline," the subject would snort some *lidocaine*: a nose-freezing, odorless white powder that looks and feels just like coke, but exerts no measurable psychotropic or physical effects in normal people.

In *these* people it had effects, though. Once they'd gotten accustomed to that frosty, odorless lab cocaine, an identical nose-dose of lidocaine would have absolutely identical effects on them: euphoria, elevated heart rate and blood pressure, widened pupils, the whole circus. To make absolutely sure about it, Byck tried out lidocaine on a control group of people who'd never snorted cocaine before: sure enough, no effect of any sort. Eureka! People *do* get high on white powders that only freeze their noses—as long as they've come to mentally associate the insufflation of a frosty white powder with a subsequent access of their *own* norepinephrine.

The proprietors of Old Factory in Atlanta were not the only people who

read Byck's 1978 placebo papers. We wrote it up here in *HIGH TIMES*, in fact, and (although there's not necessarily a cause-and-effect relationship here) the deception rate for street cocaine has been remorselessly rising ever since. (But it was already rising *before* 1978, so don't blame *HIGH TIMES* and Dr. Byck for every time you've been burnt in the last six years.)

Currently, the most popular cocaine "burn" on the West Coast is a judicious admixture of nose-freezing lidocaine and *ephedrine*, a speedy decongestant. "I'm convinced that a lot of people who think they're into cocaine are really into ephedrine," comments Dr. Ronald Siegel of UCLA, detox wizard to celebrities and millionaires. "I've spoken to people who have been getting ephedrine for so long that they don't like cocaine when they get it all by itself. They want that ephedrine rattle. Cocaine's too smooth for them."

(Which is exactly why I, an ex-meth-head, have never stooped to touch cocaine. It hardly really gets people visibly stoned at all, and besides, anything that smooth and subtle could be a special *bitch* to shake loose of. I had enough trouble shaking loose of nasty, rattle-some old speed, thank you.)

But the Old Factory lads in the late '70s weren't working on any nose-freezing white powder, so they anticipated things would be cool. They would make trouble and history by muzzling the coke-sniffing dogs all over the world, and maybe there'd be enough novelty-market demand to bring in a few bucks for a little while. Just about any doc you might ask about this—"Will just the *smell* of coke, all by itself, get people high?"—will probably still tell you that that's really stretching the placebo papers of Dr. Robert Byck.

Some Pure Speculation

It is a matter of some considerable interest that Psychem Cocaine Aroma has been run past the noses of medical patients of three of the nation's most celebrated "drug rehabilitation" psychiatrists. In Hollywood, gossip has it that the illustrious patients of Dr. Ronald Siegel's private clinic are advised to whiff the stuff *ad libitum*, whenever they feel a flash of that old cocaine hunger coming on; and that Dr. Siegel warns them not to carry it through airports, for fear of inciting the exuberant attentions of the dope dogs, and hence of the gutter press. Since in the past Siegel's clientele has included the likes of Richard Pryor and John De Lorean, Siegel has a very special problem with

maintaining doctor-patient confidentiality, and he does not get too specific about his research protocols.

At Regent Hospital in New York City, Dr. Arnold Washton ran some Psychem past a dozen of his "recovering cocaine addicts" as soon as he received a batch last summer. He did not tell them what it was before they whiffed it, and he reported to Old Factory—with some evident astonishment—that every single one of them identified it instantly as cocaine, absolutely and positively. They didn't say it was the *odor* of cocaine, or was anything *like* cocaine; they said it *was* cocaine. It got them high, that is.

At Fair Oaks Hospital in Summit, New Jersey, Dr. Mark Gold—who, with Washton, operates the sensational 800-COCAINE dial-a-counseling hotline—is working up a formal protocol for the systematic employment of "the available aroma of cocaine" in the "detoxification" of persons dependent on the drug. Gold is said to repudiate the notion of allowing clients to whiff it *ad lib*; he wants it to be administered strictly in a "therapeutic environment," where the therapists can closely engineer the patient's expectations, and hence, responses. Dr. Gold is a personal confidant of Nancy Reagan, and from the sound of things, he'd just as soon have Psychem put on prescription. Luckily, the stuff is not a "drug," and none of its components can be cooked up into drugs, either.

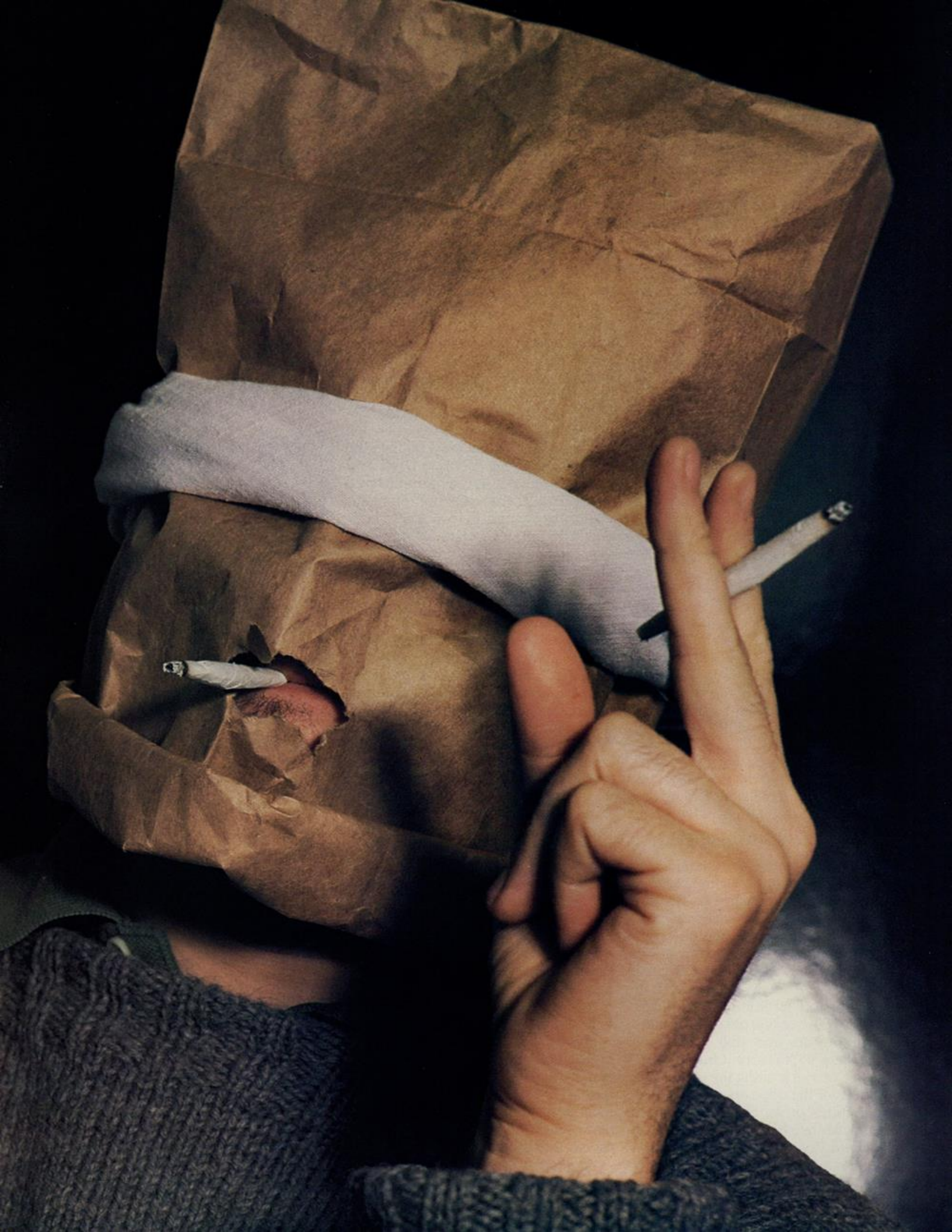
To get Psychem put on a restrictive 'script category—in the highest interests of rehabilitative medicine—you'd have to fundamentally change the legal criteria for what can be called a "drug," and be subjected to statutory drug controls. Since this could probably be quickly done with a mere amendment to the Pure Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, it behooves us to speculate exactly how it may be that Psychem does get some people high. This understanding could also be relevant to people who may ever want to shake themselves loose of a cocaine Jones, with or without the help of shrinks or Psychem.

"Right at the top of your nose," Dr. Warren James Woodford will commence to lecture at the Old Factory offices, "you've got sort of a little room, all to itself..."

This room is called the "superior turbinate" of your "otorhinolaryngeal" system, and it's mainly a patch of olfactory scent-receiving nerve cells. Now, most people nowadays hardly ever use that part of their noses. "For humans, especially in technologically sophisti-

/continued on page 60

"People who've never done coke before will never buy it twice, because it won't get them high at all. And people who have done coke will only get off on it once or twice..."



HOT HAWAIIAN

Great connoisseurs are born, not made. You either have it or you don't, and one of the simplest ways to tell is by taking the Hawaiian/Californian Inherent Differential Test. And that's a lot harder than it sounds.

by "R"

Just what does it take, I'm often asked, to become a connoisseur of cannabis? Can anyone qualify? Does it just mean years of practice? Do you have to have connections? How do you know if you've got what it takes?

Well, I'd like to be real democratic and say, sure, anyone who works hard and dedicates himself to the phenomenology of pot, anyone who spends long hours comparing subtle sensory signals and learning to differentiate their sources has a chance.

But I'm afraid it just ain't so. Some people, most people, will just never measure up no matter how long or how hard they try. In fact, I've become convinced that the talent to become a connoisseur is something one is either born *with* or *without*—no amount of hard work will develop it in those who lack it to start with.

And how does one know if he or she is blessed or not blessed in this respect, before wasting years and years of study, and smoking pounds and pounds of weed in a futile quest for mastery of this arcane and difficult art? Well, there's one infallible test which I believe will weed out a lot of those who could never qualify. The Hawaiian/Californian Inherent Differential Question. Just as some people are born color blind and are unable to distinguish red and green for instance, there are those (unfortunately a much larger percentage of the population) who still don't—who never will—understand the crucial, glorious difference between Hawaiian- and California-grown cannabis.

I'm not talking about those who *refuse* to admit the difference, although, God knows, there are enough of them—mainly from California, mainly growers and sellers of California grass who can't pretend to objectivity and who

have been known to admit *very* privately that they will pay outrageous prices for an ounce of Hawaiian even though they have tons of the best Californian in their backyard.

No, I'm talking about those who just aren't equipped with a sensibility exquisite enough to know the difference. It's something you can't explain to them. It's something you don't want to have to tell them—who likes to point out a handicap to its victim? And so they'll write angry letters to *HIGH TIMES*. They'll curse the Connoisseur. But they'll never know what they're missing. And so I'm going to do my best to explain. It's one of the most persistent and important controversies in the world of weed, something akin to the controversy over the relative merits of California and French varieties in the world of wine. Let me tell you a story about a tasting I attended, to give you an idea of the stakes involved.

It was a house high up in the Hollywood hills. A small invitation—only a tasting in the screening room of a movie-industry figure who prided himself, like a wine connoisseur, on having the most exquisite vintages of weed on hand for his clients and guests. "It's a very cinematic drug," he'd tell people. "It gives one access to the enchanted trancelike dream-receptive state in which film is best appreciated and created.

"I'll never hire a director who does coke," he was fond of saying. "Coke destroys the dimensionality of that state. It flattens all nuance. And I'll never be able to relate to a director who doesn't smoke weed."

While his appreciation for the high was enlightened and aesthetic, he had a blind spot when it came to California

grass. In the same way that many movie people with too much money on their hands have invested in Sonoma County vintners and dabble in bottling their own grapes for connoisseur consumption, this fellow had his own cannabis fields tucked away in certain select growing areas of the state and liked to boast about how far superior his seed strains were, how beautiful his buds were, and get together with fellow movie-world weed fanciers for parties of this type. They say there's no snob like a wine snob, but in truth, there's no wine snob as snobbish as a California cannabis fanatic.

It was past midnight when the incident occurred. My memory is hazy but I know we'd tasted some Humboldt County Purple grown from South African seeds. There were three varieties of Mendocino Afghani-Thai blends, some very delightful Sierra Nevada North Slope Gold, some of the legendary Hollywood Deal Dope whose buds had inspired some of the big-budget fantasies on your screen today. We were, in fact, consuming the very champagne of California cannabis. Most of the party had shifted to the Jacuzzis now, vast redwood barrels that had once been used for Sonoma County Chardonnays, now bursting with bodies instead of grapes.

I was passing through the kitchen, preparing to join the fun, when I felt a wet hand on my shoulder and a warm voice whispering in my ear.

"If you promise not to tell anyone, 'R,' I'll show you where he keeps his Hawaiian hidden."

I'm not sure what shocked me more, the woman who spoke these words or what she said. The woman who spoke them was a sometime starlet who had a reputation for turning down parts, and turning on politicians, affairs with some

of whom had reached the gossip columns. She was dripping wet and radiating steamy warmth from the Jacuzzi from which she'd just emerged. She was wearing only a towel. Not actually wearing it. Rubbing herself with it...

Trying to act aloof, as if this sort of thing happened to me all the time, I tried to concentrate on what was said, not on what the speaker was doing to her body.

"What's this about Hawaiian?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Hawaiian. He'll talk your ear off about Californian. He'll serve it up to all his friends. He'll draw you diagrams of a dozen generations of seeds to prove how great his crop is, but when it comes to certain aspects of life, he's smart enough to know there's nothing like Hawaiian."

"Certain aspects of life," I said, feeling sure from her mischievous smile that I knew which aspects she was alluding to. "Uh, which aspects would you have in mind?"

"Fucking," she said. "How's that for an aspect?"

"Uh, fucking?" I said.

"Yes, fucking. You've heard of it, haven't you? They still do it back East, don't they?"

"Uh, well, yes," I said. "Not many people still do it, but I have run into a few. But what exactly is it about? Uh, I mean what—"

"Women know this," she said. "Some men do, but not enough. Hawaiian grass is just so much sexier than Californian. Come on, let me show you what I mean."

She led me into his bedroom. She opened a Louis XIV cabinet that seemed to be filled with video cassettes in their booklike boxes. She removed a colorfully illustrated one. It was "Blue Hawaii," featuring Elvis. She took it over to the bed. Beautiful golden brown buds spilled out onto the sheets.

"Kona Gold," she said. "Let's get really high."

While I rolled a joint she took out another cassette. It was a legendary compilation of the very best moments from SCTV's '81-'82 seasons.

"How would you like to see 'Quincy Cartoon Coroner'?" she asked me.

I could tell I would get to like this woman. She had exquisite taste. "Quincy Cartoon Coroner" is revered by those who have seen it as perhaps the funniest, most brilliant moments ever to appear on American television, perhaps ever to appear in Western civilization. Some would argue that all Western civilization from the invention of language to now was merely a preparation for the advent of SCTV and "Quincy Cartoon Coroner."

...the talent to become a connoisseur is something one is either born with or without...

I looked at the Kona as I rolled and she rewound the cassette.

It was not, superficially at least, as spectacularly beautiful as some of the gorgeous manicured purple, red and multicolored California buds we'd been smoking earlier in the evening. It was just good old golden Kona Gold, grown on the wild coast of the Big Island. But it did the trick.

"Okay, I give up," I said, sometime after we had played "Quincy Cartoon Coroner" twice, and found ourselves lying on the bed exhausted from spasms of laughter. "Just what is it about Hawaiian that makes it so suitable for, uh, fucking?"

"You mean, what is it about fucking that makes it so suitable for Hawaiian?"

"Yes, I'd like to know the answer to that too."

"Think about it," she said. "Everything is more intense out there in the middle of the Pacific. Take each of the four elements. Fire, for instance: Hawaii is hot. Just underneath the surface of each island it's just churning with hot molten lava; just aching, *aching* for release. Water: waves that build up for thousands and thousands of miles just urgently, insistently, pounding against the soft white beaches, just relentlessly, tirelessly, foaming and thrusting their way into every cove, every inlet. Then there's the air: charged with ions, alive with electricity from the friction of ocean and land rubbing against each

other, steamy with mists bursting into one rainbow flash after another. And earth: that volcanic soil still warm and glowing with the hot flush of the world's interior, still shuddering with the quivering vibrations of the aftershocks of deep interior convulsions. Do you get the picture?"

"I'm beginning to see what you're getting at," I said.

"You put a seed in that earth, any variety of seed, and it's going to be feeding on an incredible, seething, teeming reservoir of planetary sexual energy. Something the marijuana seed is particularly tuned into, something the marijuana plant is able to focus, concentrate, amplify in its buds. And then when a human being smokes that bud he's inhaling the concentrated sexual energy of all four elements. Well, it can be powerfully, deeply arousing. It can amplify what's already there, intensify, deepen every sensation, bring out every wild, sweet, shocking sensation your sensory nervous system is able to stand. Am I making myself clear?"

"I'm beginning to get the gist of it," I said. "But why won't California—?"

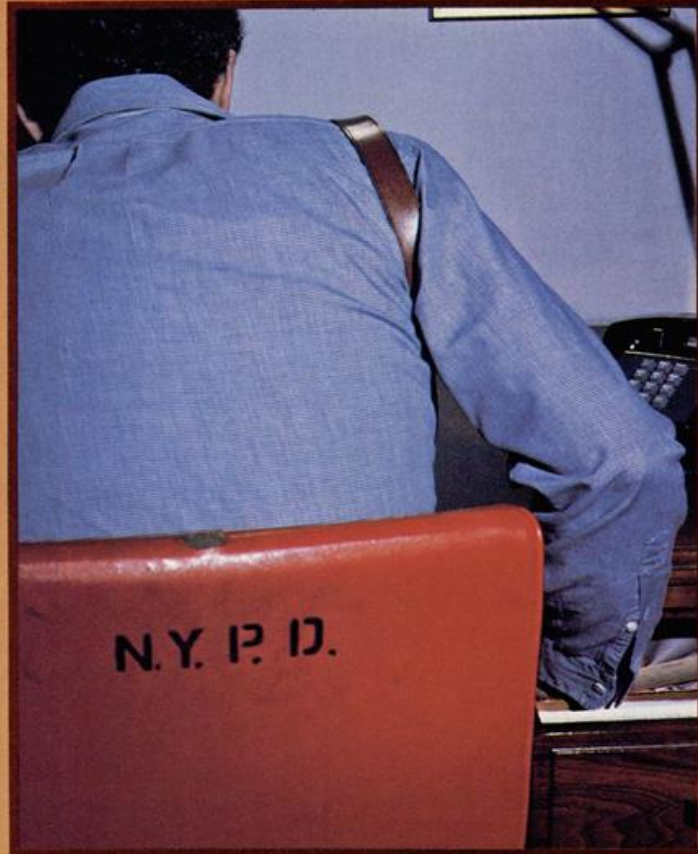
"It's just too tame," she said, sounding irritated that I had interrupted her increasingly passionate praise of Hawaiian for such a stupid question. "Sure, Californian can be strong, but it's strong but tame. Like one of those hideous body builders on steroids. All muscle, all body, but no sexuality—the steroids have turned his balls to wood. Californian can be strong but there's no passion to it, no electricity; it just doesn't make me gasp with pleasure the way Hawaiian can. I love anything or anyone that can make me gasp with pleasure. Do you know what I mean?"

Before I could respond—well, not before I could *respond*, but before I could answer—there was an interruption. Our host. Standing in the doorway. Naked dripping wet. And very unhappy. I'm not sure which made him more unhappy, the sight of the two of us on the bed together or the realization that I had discovered his hidden Hawaiian habit.

I won't go into the sordid and unpleasant details of what followed except to say that some people are more vain about their dope than their women.

No, if you recall, I'm telling you this story to prove a point about Hawaiian, and to remind all would-be connoisseurs, all apprentice dope tasters, that if you can't instinctively tell the difference between Hawaiian and Californian, you've chosen the wrong line of work. □

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD



Long nights on stakeout, endless paperwork and always the pressure from the brass. How can an ambitious narc find the energy to cope? Temptation beckons from the evidence bin.





VEGETABLE JUICES

We're talking about plant hormones.

This month a reader responds to one of Ed's "stumper questions" and we get to learn all there is to know about ethylene.

The first letter is from a reader responding to one of the stumpers. Thanks for the info, and a hearty "High" to Bob:

Dear Ed,

I'm writing in response to the question one of your readers posed in the October '83 issue regarding ethryl, a plant hormone. Ethryl has been around for a long time and has been used in a limited way for numerous flowering and ripening responses in the agricultural industry.

Ethryl releases ethylene (a plant hormone used by plants during flowering) when it is used as a foliar spray.

In marijuana, the photoperiod and other factors determine the time when the plant should enter the flowering phase of its cycle. Guided by its genetic blueprint, the plant subtly manufactures the proper hormones that inspire the bud primordia to become either male or female. From there the plant matures to adulthood.

When the plant is first forming buds as a reaction to the change in the light cycle, it is especially susceptible to outside influences regarding its sexuality. By applying ethryl, which the plant recognizes as a female hormone, the scales are tipped in favor of femaleness, and the plant itself starts to produce the hormone on its own to maintain sexual stability.

Marijuana's sexuality is easy to manipulate. It has the genetic capability of becoming either sex, depending on the favorableness of its environment and the necessity for the continuance of the species. Rather than being genetically simply male or female, due to the XX and XY chromosomes, a great many of the phenotypic characteristics that lead us to believe a plant is male or female are not carried strictly on the sex chromosomes, but rather on the other chromosomes (autosomes).

A fruiting plant will produce its own ethylene naturally. The plant surrounds itself



Plant of the Month—Grown by S.H. of letter-writing fame. A seven-month-old Hawaiian, this plant is 7' tall and 3' wide. It was grown in a 4' x 8' closet.

in its own gaseous environment to aid ripening. (That is why avocados will ripen faster if placed in a paper bag.) A marijuana plant destined to become a female is doing so because it is manufacturing its own ethylene so that an additional dose will not cause sex-reversal. However, a male-oriented plant, if caught at the proper time, will suddenly have its youthful sexual hormonal ratios changed toward feminization and will proceed along that path. It will begin to make its own ethylene just like a natural female in order to maintain the hormonal inertia. Sometimes the plants get a little confused by all this and end up hermaphroditic, but that happens to only a small percentage of plants.

The time of application is very important. If the hormone is applied before the plants are forming sexually, the immature

hormonal receptors are not ready to accept it and it will be wasted. If applied too late in the maturation cycle, the buds will have already committed themselves to one sex or the other. The hormone is most effective when the plants are just beginning to develop. Indoor growers have a decided advantage over outdoor growers inasmuch as they know exactly, by manipulating the photoperiod, when the plant will begin to make the changeover from the vegetative to the flowering phase.

The tricky part in the application of ethryl is knowing how much to use. If too little is applied, it won't tip the scales in a genetically predisposed male plant. If too much is used, the plant will wilt and have to fight its way back to health.

The active ingredient in ethryl is ethylene. Ethryl is a stable compound in low pH

conditions, but at neutral or alkaline pH it decomposes to form ethylene and harmless gases and salts. Normally it is found as a mildly acidic concentrate which decomposes when diluted with water and applied as a foliar spray. After dilution with water with a pH of 7-8, the ethryl decomposes into ethylene and other harmless compounds.

Ethryl is available from my company, Plantastic Plant Products, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709. I market the product under the name Sensa-Spray.

—Bob Ireland

Owner, Plantastic Plant Products

Dear Ed,

I am trying to grow nothing but good sinsemilla, but some of my plants always turn male. I haven't been able to determine the sex of the plants until they are around four months old. How can a person determine the sex of a plant at the earliest possible sign?

—Name withheld
Pylesville, Md.

Probably the best way to determine the sex of a young plant is to take a cutting from the plant when it begins to grow sideshoots. While the cutting is still rooting, place it under a regimen of 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness every day. Within three weeks the plant cutting will indicate. The clone-donor almost always will have the same sex.

Dear Ed,

I have been growing marijuana for four years now and each year it gets better because I learn more. I have a few questions.

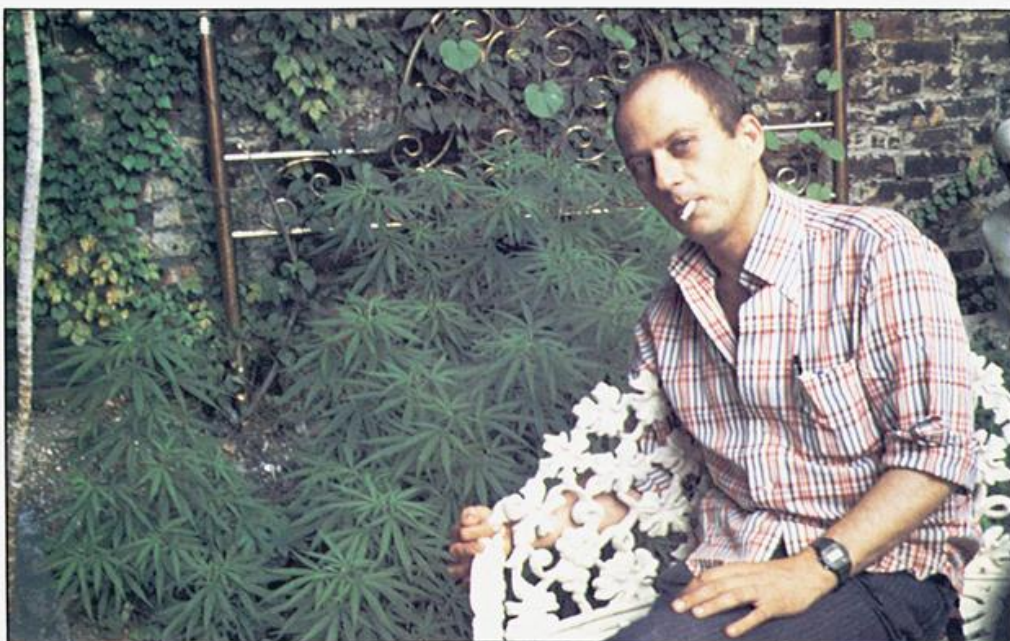
Is marijuana grown indoors any less potent than that grown outdoors? Is the taste affected by the sun's rays or doesn't it matter? Will the amount of light the plant gets increase the size of the buds or can it be more harmful than helpful?

—MDK

Lansing, Mich.

Marijuana grown indoors under very bright conditions may be more potent than outdoor pot because environmental factors such as wind and rain, which remove some glands on outdoor material, never affect indoor pot. However, some of the growth on indoor pot is constantly being shaded, not allowing the plant to mature fully.

All the conditions that a plant faces affect taste, but no controlled tests have been made on how light affects the



Garden of the Month—Normally I do not publish gardeners' pictures in this column, but this is a special case. I was in New York visiting the offices of HIGH TIMES. Dave Solomon, editor of *The Marijuana Papers*, a book of essays about pot, first published in 1967, suggested we go to a café which he claimed had a "magic garden."

"You mean there are pot plants growing right out in the open?" I queried.
"Yes."

On arriving at the place we immediately went into the backyard garden and sure enough, the proprietor had a "bed" of grass in a section of his flower garden. Now, it was September, and the plants were less than three feet tall and not one had indicated sex or looked like it was going to flower anytime soon. (The backyard garden was lit up each night and the Colombian plants did not get 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness.) However, the plants were healthy.

When the proprietor found out we were from HIGH TIMES and wanted to photo, he insisted on being in the picture and said he wanted it published in HIGH TIMES. Hopefully, this year the garden will produce some fully mature buds. But, no matter, this was certainly a laid-back magic garden in the midst of the hubbub of New York. Good food too. Open to the public, but the address is confidential.



Bud of the Month—Grown by Anonymous, outdoors in the Midwest. "This plant was so resinous that the leaves got stuck together and I had to go out every day and separate the buds."

/continued on page 75

PREPLANTING SHOPPER'S GUIDE

The grow-product business is booming, and trying to keep up with every new gizmo they put on the market is impossible. We know that and so we've decided to help you out with this timely report.

As more people have become serious about marijuana cultivation, entrepreneurs have invented or discovered products to make gardening efforts easier and more successful. Some of these products actually work and are useful!

Here are a few of the ones I have tried and like:

Astrolon

Astrolon is a durable, flexible and waterproof material that reflects about 80 percent of the light hitting it. The rest



Astrolon is a very durable, lightweight reflective material that can serve many purposes in the growroom.

of the light is either absorbed or passes through the fabric. It is blue on one side and has an embossed aluminized surface on the other, so that the light is diffused, eliminating hot spots. The fabric is made from two layers of polyethylene, with a thin layer of fiberglass in between. It is expensive: about twenty-five cents a square foot in small quantities, but it is tough and washable. All the fabric I bought three years ago is still hanging in. It comes in 56" widths so that it is easy to hang. Flat white paint or the dull side of aluminum foil

are still probably the best reflective materials for stationary permanent reflective surfaces, but this material, however, is ideal for curtains or for hanging reflective walls from a frame. I also use it as a heat blanket under my sleeping bags on camping trips. It is distributed by Domestic Growers Supply, Box 809, Browntown Rd., Cave Junction, OR 97523.

Terra-Sorb

Domestic Growers Supply also distributes Terra-Sorb, which is a starch developed for use in soil. About one tablespoonful will hold about six to eight ounces of water. When it is mixed into the soil, the soil will hold up to 50 percent more water than it normally would. As the soil surrounding the starch-particles dries, the starch releases the water. This eliminates the

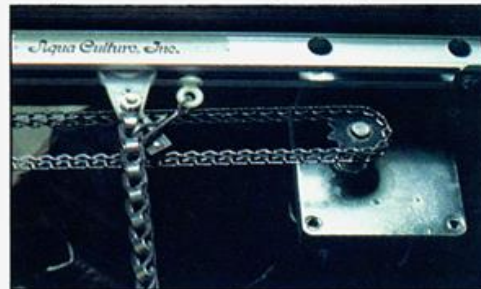


Terra-Sorb is a starch which absorbs many times its weight. Here we see a tablespoon of dry starch and a tablespoon of wetted starch holding eight ounces of water.

need for frequent and copious drenchings. This product is a real boon to all gardeners working sandy, fast-drying soils, or those planting in dry areas where irrigation is required. As the season wears on, the starch gradually degrades and loses some of its water-holding capacity. Domestic Growers Supply produces a fascinating catalog of growing supplies specializing in all forms of water delivery.

Solar Shuttle

The Solar Shuttle is ingeniously devised for moving a 1000-watt halide lamp six feet across a growing area. The



View of the Solar Shuttle. The light chain is guided along a track by the geared chain. Small motor powers movement. Ingeniously designed mount holds the light securely.

advantages of a moving light are numerous; plants do not have to scramble or reach toward one central light; plants in all parts of the garden get the same amount of light, leaving no areas shaded or in the peripheral light zones; and more plant parts are illuminated directly as the angle of light changes. (Under stationary light some areas are perma-

nently shaded.) The shuttle holds any light on its chain, which is supported from a track. A cotter pin acts as a safety should the primary fastener fail. The lamp is moved by a small geared-down motor which powers the light back and forth along the track. The motor is used only for lateral movement and not to support the light. The unit is well made. It is manufactured by Aqua Culture, P.O. Box 26467, Tempe, AZ 85282.

Ceramic Medium

Most hydroponic units use a mixture of vermiculite, perlite and other lightweight materials, or lava rock or sand which are very heavy. When I was in



Ceramic pellets are an ideal medium for hydroponics. It comes in three sizes as depicted.

Holland I noticed that all the commercial offices had their potted plants growing in hydroponic containers filled with a porous ceramic. Ceramic is considerably heavier than vermiculite-perlite, but much lighter than sand or lava. It can be used in a flood system, since it does not float. Large air spaces form in between the individual pieces, giving the plants plenty of room to breathe. The stones draw water through capillary action so that the container and the roots stay evenly moist. Several years ago I used a similar material and was pleased with the way it worked and found it very easy to clean for reuse. It comes in three-size pieces: the large consisting of half-inch pieces; the medium, pea-sized pieces; and the small, gravel-sized pieces.

I think that a mixture of the large- and medium-sized material will work especially well together. The small-sized is good for germination. Distributed by Applied Hydroponics, 150 Bellam Blvd.,

Suite 300, San Rafael, CA 94901.

Low Pressure Sodium Light

Applied Hydroponics also distributes a Low Pressure Sodium Lamp which uses about 180 watts of electricity and produces about 33,000 lumens of light, or 183 per watt. A metal halide produces between 110,000 to 125,000 lumens, or 110 to 125 lumens per watt. All of the light is in a narrow spectrum of yellow-orange (580-590 nanometers). When I first tested the lamp I wondered whether plants would be able to utilize the light, since plants are most sensitive to the red and blue spectrums. The lamp was tested in a room that contained a 1000-watt metal halide which gave only peripheral light to the remote corner. If the plants could not utilize the yellow light they would slow down their growth rate and grow toward the metal halide. After a month the plants were examined. They were keeping pace with the plants underneath the metal halide and were growing in a typical pattern toward the sodium vapor lamp.

The leaves of the plants under the



Low Pressure Sodium Vapor Light can be used as a supplemental light in the growroom. It emits only orange-yellow light, which is why green plants in the photo are reflected as red-brown.

Low Pressure Sodium Lamp were slightly curled, but otherwise the plants seemed perfectly normal. I have not seen a harvest using this light yet. The plants in the picture look red-brown because of the way orange light reflects

off green leaves.

CO₂ Regulator

CO₂, carbon dioxide, is used by plants in photosynthesis. CO₂ is an odorless, harmless gas. The plants absorb it from the air, and when the supply in a grow-room is depleted, growth stops. In days



CO₂ Regulator automatically controls the enrichment of air. Unit releases gas every half hour. CO₂ unit can double the growth rate of plants in an enclosed area.

of old, as plants were evolving, the atmosphere contained much more CO₂. Plants were able to utilize it in these concentrations and they have never lost that ability. When the CO₂ levels are increased from the .03-.05 percent to .5 percent range, the growth rate can increase by as much as several hundred percent, but usually it just doubles. Emerald City Halide, 8011 Lake City Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98115, produces a very well-designed unit. It has an adjustable internal timer which is preset to release the gas from the tank for two and a half to three minutes every half hour. It also has an adjustable regulator which controls the flow of gas so that different-size rooms can be accommodated. Two electrical outlets are wired into the unit to run fans or other appliances. The unit comes with a 24-hour timer to coordinate switch-on times with lighting schedules.

A good companion volume for CO₂ enrichment was written by John Bushwell. It is called *Practical Carbon Dioxide Enrichment* and is available from Tarragon Farms, P.O. Box 40488, Portland, OR 97240. Bushwell offers formulas to discern how much enrichment a particular area requires and how to deliver it.

JUST PASSING TIME...

...in a world that never became what it should have been.

When I got back to the bar there was almost a whole new gang there, except for Monk, who was sitting there with his sleeves rolled up, showing off his biceps. There was something wrong with those biceps, they didn't look healthy; they were big but they looked sick somehow.

I looked around. It was a fling, a sputtering, dismal fling for all of us on those bar stools. It was the best we could do. And it was a fine bar because it was the only bar for us. We just wouldn't look right anyplace else.

I sat down on my stool and ordered a whiskey with a beer chaser. That was the action, the meaning, the fruit on the tree, the flower on the stem. It was victory. And after one victory you needed another.

Well, I wasn't bored in that place, but I wasn't bored anywhere. And I wasn't lonely. I got depressed, suicidal, but that wasn't the same as being lonely. Being lonely meant you needed somebody. I didn't. All I needed was for them not to suffocate me. What was I doing with them in a bar? I was watching them. They were a bad movie but it was the only one playing, and as an actor my bit part was shoddy stuff indeed.

Monk grinned down at me from his rolled-up sleeves.

"Hey, Hank, how about a drink?"

"Wait'll I get a haircut."

"Hey, I'm not gonna live that long!"

Some of the patrons laughed.

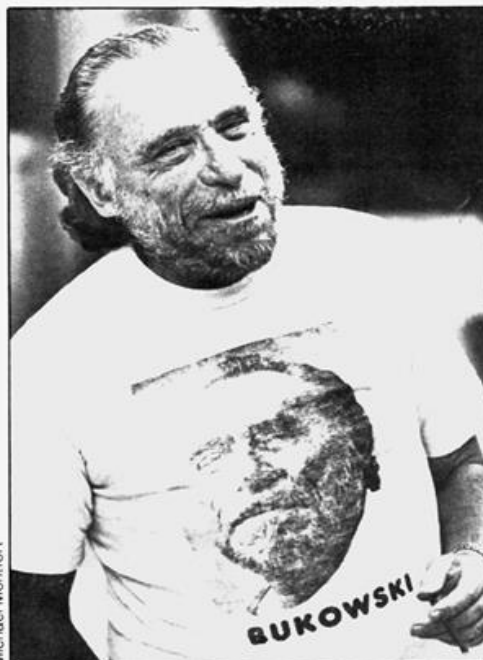
"Give him a drink," I said to Jim.

Then three or four others started hollering, "Hey, how about me?"

I looked at Jim: "Take care of them."

A cheer rattled the dirty walls.

It was a place to be. It wore you down so you could accept whatever there was to accept. It made you less, but who needed more? When you felt like you needed more, then that's where the trouble began: thinking of those things to do between shitting and dying.



Michael Montfort

I bought some more rounds. Time began to waver. Time began to waggle. Butterflies' wings.

Jim left, and the night bartender, Eddie, came on. A few women entered, old, insane or both. Yet, it changed the atmosphere. They were women. It made it more carnival. *Caimáns*, gavials, chuckwallas, geckos, molochs, skinks and tuataras now sat on the stools. We watched their heavily painted mouths as they stuck cigarettes into them or laughed or poured the drinks down. Their voices were way off the edge, as if their vocal chords had been burned out, and their frazzled hair came down and sometimes—oh, at such rare times, in a moment of neon haze—as they turned their heads they almost seemed young and beautiful again, and then we all felt better and laughed and said almost inventive things. The dream was just around the corner. And if not, it had been.

Some moments were sometimes like that. And we all felt good, you could feel it reaching all around: we were there, finally, everybody was beautiful

and grand and entertaining, and each moment glowed, bright and unwasted. You could really feel it.

Then—it stopped. Just like that.

We seemed to feel it all together. All conversation ended. Like that. At once. We felt each other sitting there, uselessly. Quiet. Nothing wrong with quiet. But not that kind. It was as if we had been cheated. Out of energy. Out of luck. Stuck there—bare.

It lasted some time. It lasted too long. It was embarrassing.

"Well, shit," somebody finally said, "who's going to brown this turd?"

Which always started the motion and the action over again. New cigarettes lit. Lipsticks applied. Trips to the pisser. Old jokes with new endings. Lies. Minor threats. The flies awakening and spinning through the blue gray air.

I don't know how it came about, but it appeared to me that Monk just kept on staring at me, looking down at me, and it got to me. I figured he should have something better to do. I think he was only trying to be friendly and funny but he really didn't know how to do either, and although I knew it wasn't his fault, I still reacted out of some stupid peevish ignorance that just jumped up and took me over:

"Monk, you're wearing thin. Why don't you turn those mucous blandishments you call eyes upon somebody else?"

"Well, kiss my ass!" he said. "Look who's leanin' out of his loony bin!"

"You're nothing but a big batch of subnormal flub."

"What's that?"

"I'm saying that all your muscle is fake. It's like you took an air hose and blew yourself up. There's no reality of texture. In your head or in your body."

Monk got off his stool, puffed himself up.

"You wanna care to back up your mouth?"

"I don't want to hurt you, Monk."

The whole bar laughed. I think even some of the flies laughed.

That was it. Monk walked toward the rear entrance. I followed him. And the bar followed us out to the alley.

It was a beautiful night. Other places, people were fucking or eating or bathing or sleeping or reading newspapers or screaming at their children or doing other sensible things.

Monk and I squared off in the moonlight, and then I got the thought, *I'd rather be watching a couple of guys do this than being one of those in the do.*

But I didn't feel any fear, I was too drunk for that. All I felt was a general sense of weariness, like here we go again and what does it mean? Something to do, I suppose, like spreading peanut butter on a sandwich.

Monk and I began circling. Now and then he flapped his arms and hit his sides with his open palms. Very effective. The bar folk stood about holding their drinks. I walked up to one guy, grabbed his beer bottle and drained it. Then I held onto the bottle. Monk and I circled. I swung back to the end of the building, knocked the bottle against the bricks. The bottle broke but it didn't break right. I was left just holding this tiny bottle neck and I had cut my hand. I threw the nub away and Monk charged in. My hand was bleeding badly. I thought, *Maybe if I can get some blood in his eyes I might blind him.*

I sidestepped as he cruised by, tried to kick him in the ass and missed.

He turned and faced me again.

"I don't want to hurt you, Hank, but I'm going to have to!"

I think he meant it. This time when Monk charged I couldn't seem to move. I don't know why. My feet just stayed there. There was a flash of darkness, a feeling of gravel and rocks biting into my body. I felt a searing in one of my ears and almost a feeling, in spite of all that, of peace. Peace in our time. All troops kiss. I was down in the alley, my palms skinned, and there on my belly I saw Monk rolling over and over and he finally crashed into a row of tall garbage cans.

We both got up.

I was a coward and I wasn't a coward. That was my problem: I couldn't make up my mind. Monk didn't have to bother with analysis, he just came charging in again.

I stopped him with a straight left jab. A spear in the nose. He blinked and swung.

Monk threw sidewinders. I could see them coming. I blocked some, ducked under others. Jabbed him. Caught him with a right to the ear. Box the fucker. Make him look bad. He was full of eggs and doughnuts. Probably loved his mother and his country. No backbone.

I moved in and caught him with a combo. Then I stepped back.

"Had enough, fart bag?"

Monk puffed himself up.

"I'm gonna kill you!"

He charged again. He came like something on rails. All he knew was a straight line. I moved to the left and cracked him with a right as he went by. He was so easy that it was shameful. And he didn't take a good shot. He shook his head, appeared to be dizzy. As he turned I threw a left hook. I caught him on the elbow and really hurt my hand. Then he caught me with a right. The moon had been behind him and it came out of there like a rocket. My head sang and I tasted blood in my mouth. Red, white and blue sparks whirled before my eyes. I heard Monk charging in again. I ducked behind a guy in the crowd, shoved him out at Monk. As Monk shoved the guy off I moved in and gave him a rabbit punch and a kidney shot.

"Shit," Monk said.

He was slowed again. I slammed a right, hard into his gut. He bent over, and as he did, I locked both of my hands together, raised them over my head and brought them down against the back of his neck.

Monk dropped. It was a splendid sight. He needed that. Flashing his biceps day and night. Sitting on his stool like he did, killing the dead air. Some dull stack. A zero with hairs in his nostrils. The fucking barber hadn't snipped them out.

"Jesus, Hank, I didn't think you could take him," said some guy in the crowd.

I looked over. It was Red-Eye Williams.

"You got bad judgment, Red-Eye, just pay off your bet."

"At three to one, that hurts. I don't understand. You lost your last two."

"That's because I was betting on the other guys."

The crowd laughed.

Monk was up on his knees, shaking his head.

I walked over.

"Hey, look! Now he wants to give me a blow job!"

Monk shook his head again, looked

up at me.

"What do you charge for head, Monk? Five bucks?"

Monk grabbed one of my legs, lifted. I fell back on my ass. He leaped at me and I caught him with a foot in the face as he came in. He caved down again, shaking his head some more. I could have landed on his back with both my feet but I really didn't hate him. He just disgusted me.

"Come on, I'll buy you a drink. There isn't a man on earth who wins them all."

I reached my hand down to help him up. He grabbed it and pulled me down. Then we were wrestling, rolling over and over. Next thing I knew he had me in a neck lock. He had me good. What a hell of a thing. What a dirty, dirty trick. Men didn't fight that way. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't speak. I reached to grab his balls. There was nothing there! I grabbed and I grabbed. Nothing at all! *I was fighting a goddamned eunuch!*

I couldn't break the neck lock. I was getting weaker and weaker. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't move. It was ugly, indecent, unfair. I was going to die.

Why doesn't somebody stop this? I thought.

Why didn't I drink alone in my room tonight, the way I had thought of doing?

Then my thinking processes stopped.

When I came around I was in the alley, alone. They had left me there. It was still dark. I could hear music from the jukebox bar.

They had left me there, they had left me there.

That one cut sharp. I mean, I didn't expect much from them. But not this. I mean, I was surprised. They had left me like a hunk of meat. No concern. No ambulance. No word. No sound. It wasn't even a good joke.

All those free drinks I had poured down them. What did it mean? They just took me as the ultimate fool.

I still couldn't believe it. At any moment I expected them to come rushing out with drinks and laughter and wet, soothing towels.

It was difficult to consume their indifference. I had scored them low, but never that low.

All I was to them was a freak, a sacrificial freak.

I thought they understood that I was just joking. That I was just passing time in a world that never became what it should have been.

cont'd.

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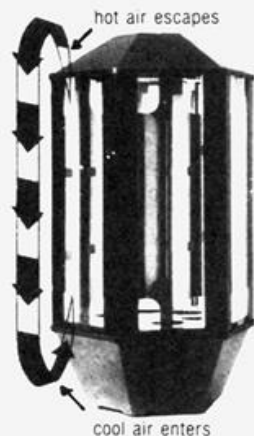
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	INSIDE	OUTSIDE
Air Speed	15mph	0mph
Humidity	40%	100%
Temp	90°	70°

LIGHT — HOW CAN 233 watts be as efficient as 1000 watts?



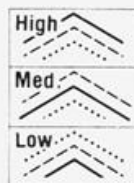
1. Plants always closer than 3 inches from any 2 light sources.
2. Total light reflection from top, bottom and sides of unit saturates top and bottom of all leaves.

FERTILIZED SOIL = INTENSITY FACTORS PLUS CAPACITY FACTORS

1. Intensity factors (IF) are nutrients readily available to plants
 2. Capacity factors (CF) are nutrients locked up in soil/fert. particles.
- Soil test results show the intensity factor and the capacity factor as a total number. A test result could show very high total nutrients while the plants are actually starving.



45 days from seed germination to photo below



THC ———
 CBD - - - - -
 CBN

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ACTUAL TEST RESULTS

	(IF)	(CF)
NH ₄	73*	1371✓
NO ₃	08*	18✓
TOTAL N	78*	1389✓
P	119*	1292✓
K	134*	2020✓
Calcium	97*	5380✓
Mg	10*	534✓
Ph	6.3*	7.1✓

*Available ✓Unavailable

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized

HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter
LOW CBD —
LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting
HIGH CBD —

HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
 CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen

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Nitrogen	Low	High	Med.
Phosphorus	High	High	High
K-Potassium	Med.	Low	Low

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*Cannabinoid Profile and actual test results presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin Production and Plant Growth", pertains to any plant.

They didn't even hate me. They didn't even think of me.

Then I heard a woman laughing in the bar. It was a long high laugh but it wasn't a good laugh, it was fake and forced, quite unpleasant, like the stage laugh of a bad actress in a bad play before an audience with sheared-off sensibilities. Holy shit, where was I? I was a pygmy in a land of dwarfs.

I'd get up and tell them. I'd get up and walk in there and tell them what they were.

I tried to raise up. As I did, my head began to roar and throb, a pain shot from the center of my skull and ran down my backbone. It was like a line of fire, I could feel my eyeballs rolling back into my skull, and that was it. . .

When I regained consciousness the sun was up and I was next to a bright new garbage can, and the light from the sun reflected off it and upon me and it was hot, and when I looked at the can I saw the lines along the sides and it was dumb and unreal but true.

For it all, I only had a slight headache. If I hadn't been drunk the whole thing would have killed me. Like everything else. The worst thing was my left hand. It was puffed up almost double size.

I pulled myself up by the garbage can, stood there.

I knew the next move and I feared it.

It had happened so many times before while drinking. After nights with the ladies of the streets. After any number of nights, any number of times, without any ladies of the streets at all.

I stood a while before trying it.

Please, just this *once*, let it be there. I mean, I'm tired, and as you can see, not in very good shape. All I want, you know, is five or six dollars; to me that's like ten thousand dollars to anybody else. Let the wallet be there. It's always so warm, so personal, it shapes and fondles the right rear buttock, it gives slight hope in the bad dream. I don't ask much, just a little.

I reached.

The wallet was gone.

And that wasn't a surprise. The surprise would have been the other. The miracle. The love for humanity.

Then, anyhow, I looked in my other pockets, in my shirt, everywhere, knowing as I did so that I was just going through dumb rote maneuvers to forestall the obvious.

I had been rolled again.

The good guy rolled. Decency pissed upon once more. Oh, boy.

Sometimes, knowing the sharks were there, I often hid my wallet.

I lifted the lid of the garbage can and looked in. It was full and it stank. A waft of stench rose upward and I couldn't handle it. I was very sensitive to smell. I just vomited right into the garbage can. Then I straightened up.

I was a clever fellow. I often hid my wallet very well. Once I had hidden one behind the mirror upon the inside of a bathroom door. I had unscrewed the whole mirror while drunk, put the wallet behind there and screwed the mirror back on—to make sure that the lady of the street waiting upon my bed wouldn't get it. Two weeks later I had found it, sitting upon the crapper and noting a slight bulge in the mirror.

I began pulling all the garbage out of the can, stopping once to vomit again. I pulled everything out: coffee grounds, grapefruit rinds and the various and sundry, including something that looked like a human head. I spread it all around.

No wallet.

"Hey, poor white trash, yo *that* hungry, I'll give yo something to chew on!"

"No, no, ma'am, I'm all right."

"Yeah? Yo all right? Well, if yo is all right then yo pick up that there shit and put it back where yo found it, hear?"

"Okay."

I began picking up the garbage and putting it back into the can. Some of the paper sacks broke through the bottoms and I had to pick the stuff up with my hands and scoop it into the can. I puked once more, mildly.

I put the lid back on and then bowed to the lady who was standing behind her screen door watching me.

"Okay," she said, "now yo get the fuck out of here, yo hear?"

Then, remembering my cleverness, I lifted the can and looked underneath. No wallet.

"Now what the fuck yo doin'?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

I walked down through the alley and out into the street. It must have still been around seven or eight in the morning, cars were rushing by both ways, driven by wafts of people who hated their jobs and feared losing them. I didn't have to worry about that. I walked toward my room, I still had my room, and there weren't any roaches because there were mice. I didn't like that but I accepted it. It was better than there weren't any mice because there were rats.

I never slept well in flophouses and missions.

I moved toward my room, feeling almost victorious. □

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cated societies, smell is the most underdeveloped sense," *Psychology Today* author James Hassett observed in a 1978 article titled "Sex and Smell." It seems the more "sophisticated" we get, the less we use our ultrapowerful smell receptors in the superior turbinate, and there are various likely reasons for this.

First of all, to intentionally get anything that far up your nose, you have to visibly and audibly *snort*: grimace, toss your head back, honk. This goes by the unpretty technical name of "*flehmen* behavior," and while it looks somewhat noble in most animals—stallions snorting, elephants "saluting" with their trunks—it's just not done, publicly, in sophisticated primate society. Even when snuff-taking was universally popular, people who did it in public carriages and such were considered rather vulgar; snuff-snorting was done strictly among friends and peers, who could liberally tolerate the fact that they were all grimacing and honking, like so many stallions and elephants, together. Nowadays, just about the only common social convention that involves conspicuous and repeated *flehmen* is coke-sniffing; and the peer-group chumminess is infinitely more intimate, and thus rewarding, than snuffing ever was. Snuff was never on Schedule II of the Uniform Controlled Substances Act.

It's puzzling how snorting, as a gesture, seemingly becomes ever more "vulgar" as society becomes more "sophisticated." It may have something to do with urbanization. Before the advent of scientific sanitation, even any moderate-sized European city must have smelled like the back streets of contemporary Jakarta. The low-lives living permanently in the cities were all *used*—"desensitized"—to the continuous reek, of course; so the capacity of being rendered uncomfortable—"offended"—by urban cess-and-privy stench would mark one out as being pretty aristocratic, wouldn't it? The squire come to town with his handkerchief over his nose, no less. As Steven Marcus has noted—*The Other Victorians*, 1966—the "better classes" have been actively seeking out such delicate distinctions between themselves and the rest of us vulgar shitabeds for the last few hundred years. If they can cultivate a distaste for sex, they can certainly cultivate one for snorting. Snorting in general is such a rare and intimate gesture nowadays, therefore, that

Narcs on the West Coast are already losing buy-money on what they secretly call "syntho-coke."

no wonder it's a special thrill any time we tickle our superior-turbinate receptors with anything at all. *Gesundheit!*

Of course, another effect of modern sanitation is to *tamp down* the prevalence of those particular special odors—dung, urine, rotting carrion—which most powerfully light up our olfactory receptor cells. We rarely smell *each other* anymore, thanks to soap, and are usually embarrassed any time we can. Interestingly, in 1977 *The Reader's Digest* came out foursquare and vehemently against some canny people in England who were merchandising a "cologne" based on a newly synthesized aromatic steroid called alpha-androsterone. Androsterone is an aromatic hormone exuded by people (and also, interestingly, by swine and by *truffles*) which actually tends to induce people to feel generally more attracted to each other. *Reader's Digest* scribe Lowell Ponte in '77—"a former exotic weapons consultant," they billed him—called this rather sweet little effect a "follow-the-leader odor command" (his emphasis), and called for the "banning" of androsterone from the United States. Politicians might mix this pheromone in with the ink on their campaign literature, y'see, so it ought to be illegal in America. Weapons consultant Ponte may have been unaware that he was calling for government control over his own armpits—and yours and mine—when he wrote "Secret Scents That Affect Behavior" for *The Reader's Digest*. Or he may have had that end clearly in

mind. Who knows, in this ultrasophisticated day and age?

And if sweet little alpha-androsterone can provoke the wrath of *The Reader's Digest*, imagine what they'll do when they hear about Psychem Cocaine Aroma, and the effects of its "odor command" in susceptible individuals. Watch for how many times the name "Pavlov," with all its sinister Russkies-and-brainwashing connotations, shows up in their piece on this little novelty item.

Now, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov was no such dastardly, conniving Rasputin as so many of us were taught in cold-war high school. He was a maniac investigative surgeon-shrink, that's all, and he covered this whole drug angle in a paper delivered at Oxford University in 1927. He said, basically, that most psychoactive drugs are of indifferent usefulness as "conditioning agents"—mind-control gimmicks, that is—because the subject too often confounds the administering researcher. They get tolerant, or they don't get tolerant when they should, or one day they dislike the same thing they adored the day previously. . . . A bollix, drugs. Cocaine administered *intranasally* to animals, though, showed some suggestion of promise along this line, Ivan Petrovich hinted.

Sure enough, two years later, Pavlov took some dogs who'd been taught to snort coke to get high, and tried out some nonhigh lidocaine on them. And Pavlov's dogs got high on the lidocaine.

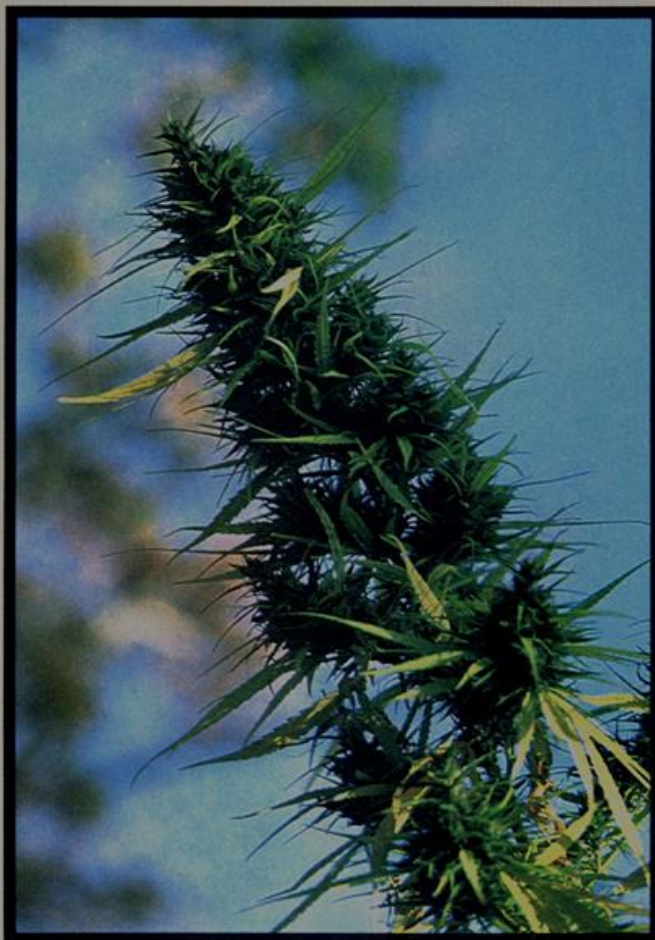
Eventually, with the progress of anatomical science, it became fairly clear how this wonderful thing probably happens. Those odor-receptor cells in the room at the top of your nose have a direct axonal nerve connection to what's called your "limbic system" in the mid-brain: hypothalamus, amygdala, hippocampus, cingulate gyrus, the "primal emotional center" of the old CNS. This direct connection is unique among all sensory systems, and that's what makes *olfaction* such a superb route for Pavlovian conditioning.

It appears to have the additional benefit, for most coke tooters, of cutting down on their gross annual intake of cocaine, wrote Drs. Riley Hinson and Constantine Polous of the Addiction Research Center in Toronto, in their paper "Sensitization to the behavioral effects of cocaine: modification by Pavlovian conditioning," *Pharmacology Biochemistry and Behavior*, vol. 15, 1981.

"With repeated administrations, the behavioral effects of a given dose of co-

/continued on page 79

I ♥ N.Y. POT

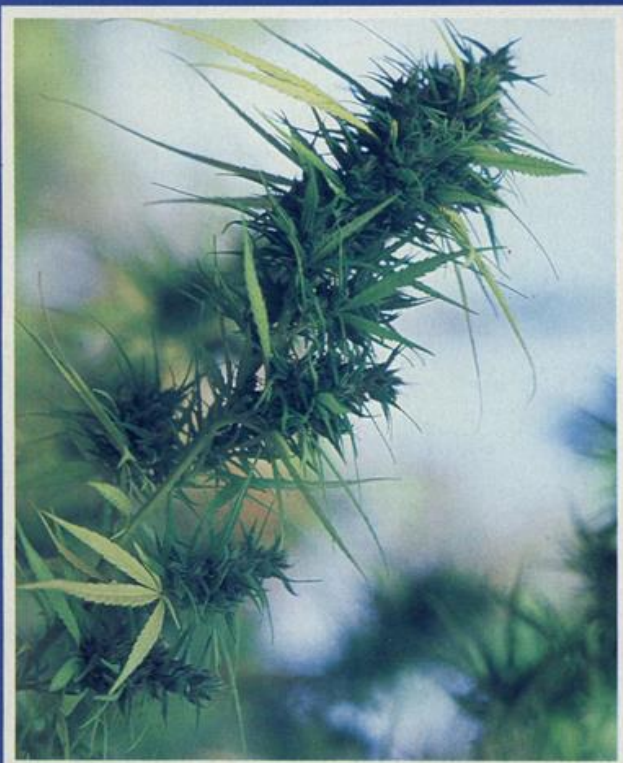


The luscious buds gracing the next three pages were grown in the wilds of suburban New York, barely outside the skin of the Big Apple. Their attentive cultivator has adapted his techniques to the Northeast's relatively hostile climate: In February the seeds were planted indoors, under fluorescents, in vermiculite; three to four weeks later they were transplanted into soil-filled pots and placed under halides. By the end of March he began moving the strongest, then nearly three feet tall, outdoors to a holding area to adjust to sunlight and wind; less than a week later they were taking root in planet Earth. The grower favors patches of perpetually green, mountain laurel for camouflage in his choice of final planting sites. He harvested all these regal buds between mid September and Thanksgiving, about two weeks after they were photographed.

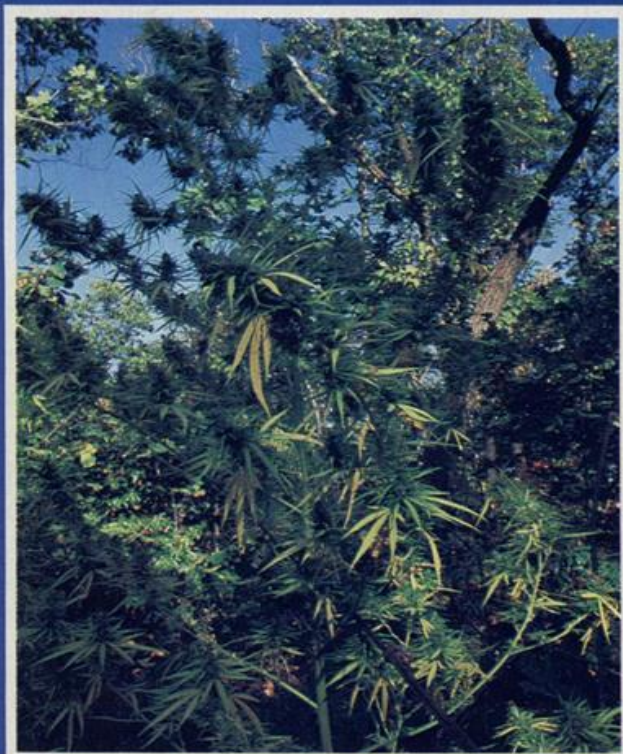
The plants shown here are the best products of the worst growing weather in this suburbanite's seven years of pot production. Imagine what lovelies he grows in a *good* year!

The secret of his success, he testifies, is the loving attention he pays to each plant:

"We talk to each other. It's a living thing. And at the end of the year it'll say, 'Thanks for takin' care of me. Let's go get stoned.'"



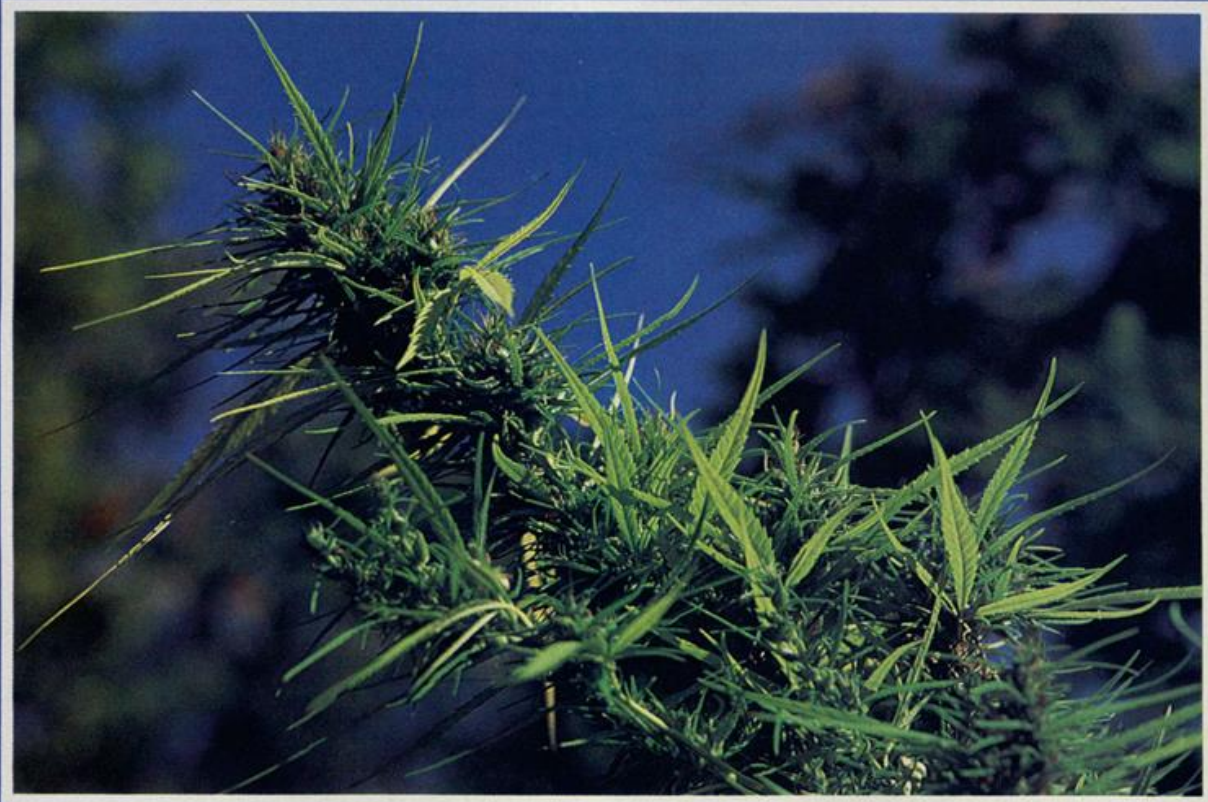
This Thai lady, and her sister on the previous page, can still recall their Siamese ancestors, seven generations back.



This 11-foot Amazon survived a late snow and nearly a month of torrential rains to produce four ounces of Asian sinse.



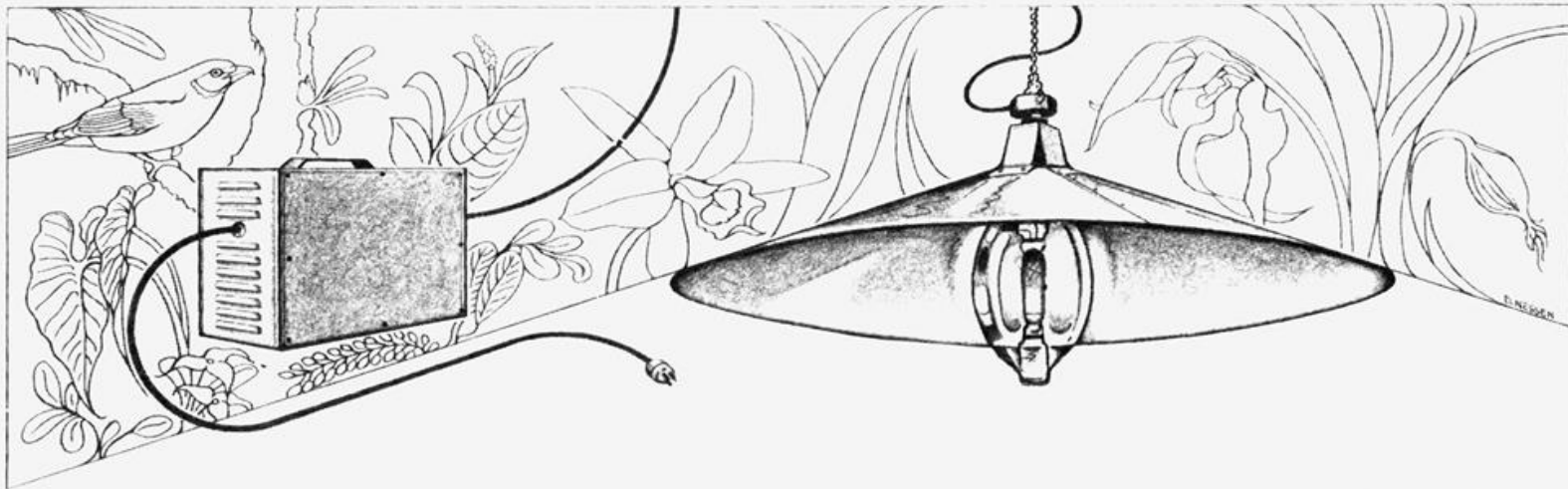
A fifth-generation Himalayan sativa had problems of sexual identity (an occasional male flower marred her womanliness), but all who tasted her favors swore she had the spirit of a goddess.



Another Thai-mix disgorged fragrant beads of potent resin.



A second top from the same plant would have tantalized a Japanese brush painter.



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HARVARD'S FIRST POT PARTY

Over one hundred years ago three medical students got together after class to sample some of their professor's prize stash. And the rest actually is history, presented to you in this charming contemporary account. edited by Michael Aldrich

"From the Archives" will be a regular feature that explores the roots of present-day drug use by reprinting vintage articles on this subject. Michael Aldrich is singularly qualified for this endeavor. He is the curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library and he holds a Ph.D. in the history of drugs.

Edward H. Clarke, M.D. (1820–1877), author of the following excerpt, was one of Harvard Medical School's best-loved teachers over a century ago. As professor of materia medica from 1855 to 1872, he trained a generation of famous doctors, including Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the therapeutic intricacies of the myriad penny powders, potions and panaceas available in those days on any corner chemist's shelf. When he learned that he was dying of an incurable malignancy (probably cancer), Dr. Clarke took to his bed with a bottle of opiate anodyne (freely prescribed for intractable pain in those merciful days) and wrote a great classic called *Visions: A Study of False Sight (Pseudopia)*. For three years he wrote clean, clear prose through a fog of pain-drugs, and when he died the unfinished manuscript was given to Holmes, who had it published in 1880.

Visions was one of the first scientific examinations of what is today called "getting high." A decade before Freud, Clarke delved deeply into the states induced by psychoactive drugs with a skill and honesty not possible in the 20th century's atmosphere of narcs, moral fascists and government-fed researchers. If a college professor today published a book calling marijuana "a worthy member of the materia medica," and furthermore told a tale of how his lectures had inspired several students to experiment with the drug, he would not be a college professor very long. Yet, because of Dr. Clarke's forthrightness, for what it's worth, fellow students, we have here an uproarious account of the first recorded pot party at Harvard.

—Michael R. Aldrich
Curator, the Ludlow Library

Cannabis Indica, called haschisch in its native country, Indian hemp in Europe and America, is a worthy member of the materia medica, though its therapeutic virtues are much less valuable than those of opium. It possesses great interest, however, for the psychological physiologist, on account of its peculiar and extraordinary power over the brain; exerting upon some of the ganglia a singular influ-

ence, and affecting them all more or less. It does not lead the brain to revive past experiences, so much as to pervert and distort existing ones. Its vulgar East Indian appellation of hashisch, from which some derive the English term assassin, is said to be indicative of its influence over the brain of those who chew it, and who often commit, under its delirium-producing action, all sorts of excesses, even the assassination of those they meet. It is a moderate anodyne and soporific, incapable of inducing either the profound anaesthesia or sleep characteristic of the cerebral action of opium; on the other hand, it exerts over parts of the brain a more marked influence than that drug. Its physiological action is, therefore, a forcible illustration of the functional independence of those nerve centres upon which its energy is expended. Every instance of this sort renders more probable, if it does not demonstrate, the existence of distinct organic centres in the anterior lobes for the perception, analysis and reproduction of impressions like ideational pictures.

Ideas of time and space have always afforded to metaphysicians a large opportunity for a great deal of subtle discussion and useless speculation. Without taking part in their metaphysical gymnastics, it may be justly observed that it is important, both for physiologists and psychologists, to recognize the probable existence in the brain of an organ concerned with the manifestation of notions of time and space, and perhaps exclusively devoted to the apprehension of such ideas. Independently, however, of all abstract and *a priori* considerations, the physiological fact appears—let the metaphysician interpret it as he can—that cannabis Indica, taken in sufficient quantity, possesses the power of imparting to conceptions of time and space a singular degree of magnitude or extension. In accordance with the physiological law, that a ganglionic nerve centre can only be made to exhibit a power of which the manifestation is confided to its organization, it is fair to infer, that if an artificial stimulus can be applied so as to develop or exaggerate ideas of time and space, there must be an organic provision in the brain for that purpose. It is an established physiological phenomenon that cannabis Indica is capable of exciting and strangely developing these ideas. De Quincey fancied that he discovered the same virtues in opium from the character of his dreams after taking laudanum. His statements in this respect have not been confirmed by

other observers, and are undoubtedly fanciful; but even if they are not true of the dreams of opium, they are a graphic description of the time-and-space-magnifying properties of Indian hemp; a description, the accuracy of which I have repeatedly been able to verify by the experience of those who have taken the drug under my professional care. "The sense of space," says the brilliant opium-lover, "and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium, passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience."¹ One of my medical friends noticed a similar effect in his own person after taking cannabis Indica. Ascending a flight of stairs, from his sitting room to his bedchamber, seemed to occupy time enough for a journey from Boston to Washington and back. It required a century for the winding up of his watch.

The following case happily illustrates the power of cannabis Indica to play with the human brain, and to act on the visual apparatus, as well as on the higher ideo-motor centres.

Three members of the medical class of Harvard University, after one of my lectures on the physiological action of cannabis Indica, determined to test the accuracy of the statements to which they had listened, by experiments with the article upon themselves. They accordingly procured some of it, and each took a portion. After taking it they remained together about an hour. At the end of this period the whole party began to feel "queer," and thought their wisest course was to go, each to his own home. Before separating they agreed to meet each other the next day and report and compare experiences. Two of the number found it necessary to exercise a moderate degree of self-control, in order to get home without exciting observation. On reaching home they were garrulous and uneasy, had a quick pulse and were sleepy; so sleepy that they went immediately to bed and to sleep. Their sleep was sound. On the next morning they awoke in their usual condition. Such was their experience.

The third experimenter did not get off so easily as his companions. Older than most medical students and more fortunate, he was a married man, and possessed a house of his own. It was two miles or more from the place of parting with his companions to his home, and he shortened the way by getting into a car or omnibus. Soon after taking his seat he was strongly impressed with a sense of his own importance, with the size, symmetry and beauty of his person, and with the comparative insignificance of those about him. This impression became so strong that he felt compelled to speak of it. Accordingly, calling the conductor to his side, he expiated upon his personal attractions, and especially dwelt upon the size and shape of his arms and thighs, and did not fail to comment upon the excellence of his general makeup. He likewise remarked upon the lilliputian aspect of his fellow passengers. He, himself, was not an Apollo. The conductor attempted no reply to these criticisms. Presently the student, who may be called Mr. K., again addressed the conductor, and rehearsing the matter in a loud tone, advised him to put the passengers

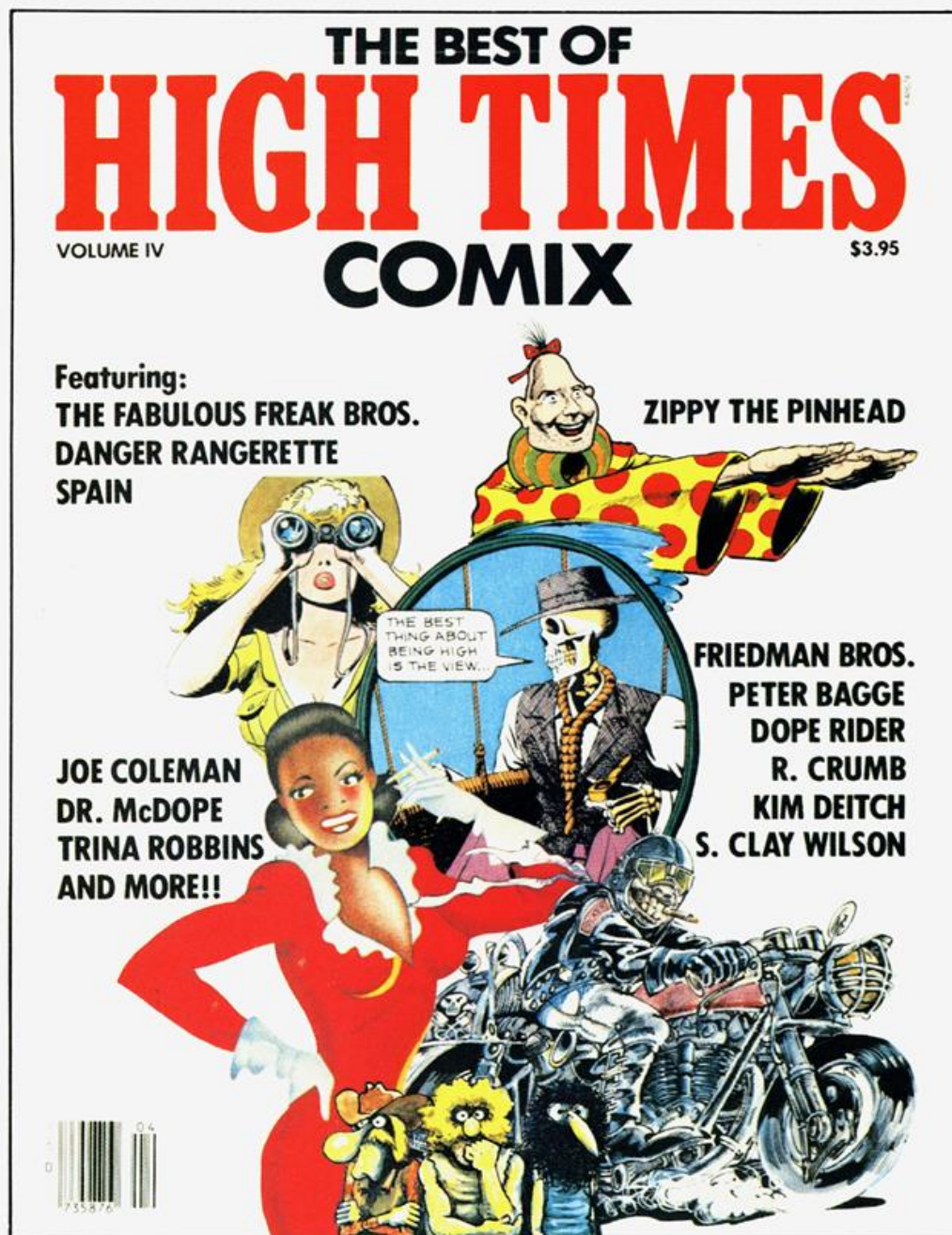
out of the carriage, as persons unfit to ride there; and as especially unfit to be in the neighborhood of so august a personage as Mr. K. By this time he was near his residence. The car stopped. The conductor, charitably supposing liquor had provoked such odd behavior, kindly offered to assist Mr. K. to the sidewalk. All offers of aid were refused with imperial dignity and decision. He soon reached home. The ideas of grandeur and importance with which his own person had inspired him, attached themselves to his house; he stopped before entering, to admire the magnificence of its portal and its palatial façade. He entered. The hall was imposing; the stairway grand. His library equaled the Bodleian. His wife was a princess; and so on through all his belongings. Suddenly the scene changed. He acquired double consciousness, and became two persons—two distinct individualities. One was a notable physician, the other an indigent patient. He proceeded, in the character of a physician, to examine himself in the character of a patient. Consciousness No. 1 discovered a serious affection in the body of consciousness No. 2. No. 1 went into his office and obtained some surgical instruments, with which he undertook to operate on No. 2, having stretched the latter for the purpose on a sofa. These singular doings alarmed Mrs. K., who, fearing for her husband's sanity, sent for a physician. In the meantime, consciousness No. 1 had dismissed consciousness No. 2, and recognized instead a criminal, who on account of some misdemeanor in prison had been condemned to the punishment of a shower bath. Obedient to this notion, consciousness No. 1 administered a shower bath to consciousness No. 2. The physician who had been summoned by Mrs. K. arrived in the midst of the bath. The result of his investigation was the conclusion, not an unnatural one under the circumstances, that Mr. K. was drunk. By this time the soporific influence of the drug began to assert itself, so that only a little urgency was necessary in order to induce Mr. K. to go to bed. A sleep of about 12 hours put an end to further extravagances.

On the next day Mr. K. retained a vivid recollection of the various phases through which he had passed. He remembered distinctly the conviction he entertained, while under the power of cannabis Indica, of the reality of each scene he witnessed, and of the part he played in it. The fact of double consciousness stood out in his memory with peculiar prominence. He did not experience the amplification of time and space like De Quincey, but the idea of size which he attached to his person and belongings, and the presumed length of time which he spent in his various operations, require a similar amplification of those conceptions. The pictures of grandeur and beauty which his own person, that of his wife, and his house exhibited, in all the reality of actual presentation, indicated unequivocal derangement of his visual apparatus. It is evident that no new ideas or pictures were produced by the action of his brain in its novel condition. Old ones in part or in whole were reproduced, amplified, jumbled together or otherwise perverted. In physiological terms, the cell-groupings and cell-modifications, which had previously been formed, were partially reproduced in greater or less disorder, with a corresponding disorder of ideas. Like the explosion of a shell in the midst of a battalion, which throws the troops into strange combinations of confusion and rout, or the violent unrhythmic striking of the keys of a piano, yielding sound without music, the passage of cannabis Indica through the cells of Mr. K.'s brain produced singularly disordered cell combinations, and ideas without reason. □

¹Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, p. 110.

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...SO THE UPSHOT OF IT ALL WAS, CROSSBY AND ME HADTA INVEST ALL OUR BUCKS IN THIS SUPPOSEDLY SEEDLESS BUT ACTUALLY TERRIBLY IMMATURE POT THAT WOULDN'T GET A DOG OFF? SO HERE WE ARE WITH A TON OF SHIT IN A SHACK AND IT'S NOT WORTH SELLING. SO WE PAID \$200 A POUND FOR DOGWEEED! SO I'M PISSED OFF!

I'LL BET YOU ARE! AN' YOU AN' CRAZY THOUGHT YOU WERE EXPERIENCED DEALERS!

WELL...UM...ANYWAY IT DOESN'T MATTER, 'CAUSE WE GOT OUR GODDAM CASSETTE RECORDING OF THE MATRICE! OF THAT OUNCE OF STICKS! SO WE JUST GO TO IT AN' DO IT!

YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE? IT'S AWFULLY EXPOSED... KINDA...



WELL WE BEEN STORING SHIPMENTS HERE FOR 9 MONTHS AN' NOBODY EVER COMES OUT HERE! IT'S SAFE AS ANYPLACE I KNOW...THERE'S THE BURN!

ANCHOO! MY GOD, IT IS ANFUL!

THERE, ROBOT! PUT IT THERE! WHEN YOUVE SET IT UP, I WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND COLLECT WEEDS AND BRING EM HERE!

WEEDS?

WHY NOT? NO REASON YOU CAN'T USE AN EXTRA TON OF THAI STICKS!

YEAH, GUESSO. IF IT'LL TURN SHIT INTO SHIT, IT'LL TURN STICKS INTO STICKS, TOO!



GEEZ, DOC! WE'VE ALREADY PROCESSED OVER A TON OF STICKS! AN' NOW WE'RE JUST TURNING STRAW INTO GOLD! WOW! WE'LL BE RICH!

YAWN! I'M GONNA SACK OUT IN TH' VAN! I'LL EXPECT MY CUT IN TH' MORNING, IN SMALL BILLS ONLY!

GOSHAGLORY! IF ROBOT JUS' KEEPS STUFFING WEEDS THRU THAT WINDOW, ALL I'LL HAFTA DO IS KICK TH' STICKS OUTA THE MIDDLE A'TH SHACK!

IN FACT...I'LL JUST LET IT PILE IN HERE FOR A BIT AN' CATCH 40 WINKS! JUS' 10 MINUTES OR SO...

1 HOUR LATER...



THIS IS 0-FIVE-NINE CHARLIE UP SQUEEL CANYON ROAD, AN WE HAVE BEEN OBSERVING SOME SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY IN TH' SHACK AT TWO-SEVEN-FIVER OFF TH' ROAD. LOOKS LIKE WEAPONS OR DOPEDEALERS! WHAT M.O. DO YOU SUGGEST? OVER!

AH...THIS IS HDQTRS TO 059 CHARLIE! AH, GO IN, LOOK AROUND, TRY TO AH... MAKE ARRESTS! OVER!

OKAY, RICK. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!

COKE! OR THAI STICKS! THASS WHAT I WANT!

YEAH... LET'S LOOK AT TH' SHED. DO...UH... DO YOU HEAR SOME NOISE OR SOMETHIN'?

KIND OF A THROBBING.

HEY! SOMEONE'S COMING TOWARD US!

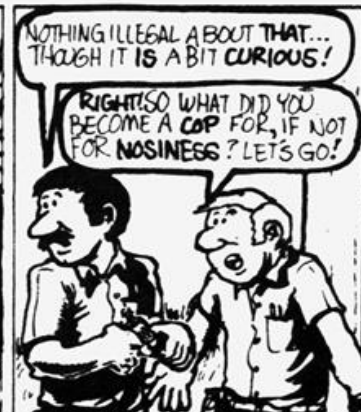


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HOLD IT, RICK! I CAN RECOGNIZE THAT STUPID GARBAGE-CAN-ON-LEGS! IT'S HARMLESS...SOME NOT IN SANTA CRUDE BUILT IT! I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT IT DOING!

DUMPING WEEDS DOWN A CHUTE IN A SHACK AT 3:00 AM!



NOTHING ILLEGAL ABOUT THAT... THOUGH IT IS A BIT CURIOUS!

RIGHT! SO WHAT DID YOU BECOME A COP FOR, IF NOT FOR NOSINESS? LET'S GO!



GO WHAT? LET'S JUST SNOOP AROUND A BIT!

WHY? LET'S JUST KNOCK ON TH' DOOR AN' SEE IF ANYONE'S THERE!



UMM...THAT'S A SHALLOW PRETEXT...UM...

SO WHAT? I'M A COP, IT'S M' JOB, BRO?



NOK-NOK!

ZZZZ - WOT? SPLUTT! ALEX ON TH' DOOR! HUH...WHAT'S TH' HEIL...



CHRIST'S TEETH! I'M AWASH IN AN OCEAN OF THAI STICKS! I GOTTA FIND THE DOOR AN' GET TH' DOC! JEEZUS! THIS IS INSANE!

THAT MUS' BE DOC KNOCKIN' AT TH' DOOR!

NOK NOK



I GOTTA DIVE FOR IT! WOTTA PREDICAMENT!



THE WHOLE SHED'S PANTING LIKE A GODDAM DOG! THIS IS KINDA CREEPY!



GODDAM NOSY COPS! WHY WON'T THEY DRY UP AN' BLOW AWAY?



SHIT! I THINK TH' DOOR'S DOWN HERE! KNOCK AGAIN, DOC!



UM...UH...GOOD EVENING, OFFICERS!... CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME THAI STICKS?

!!



SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THERE..THE SHED'S ALL SHIVERING!



AH! I GOT TH' DOORKNOB!



ASK ED

/continued from page 53

taste of the plant.

Marijuana is traditionally grown in places where there is a lot of light, even in the harvest season. For instance, along the equator there is no winter. Colombia and other traditional marijuana exporters straddle this line. Even the indicas get plenty of sun during their early harvests in the Hindu-Kush mountains. During harvest season in the United States the amount of light drops dramatically, so that later-blossoming varieties have difficulty maturing. Indoors, the plants can utilize tremendous quantities of artificial light. When plants mature under full light they develop tight buds filled with clusters of little flowers. If the plants don't get quite enough light the buds will be looser, with fluffier flowers. If the light levels are deficient, the buds will run, forming stringy branches with sparse flowers. The fluffy buds do not seem to be any less potent than the tight ones, only less heavy.

Dear Ed,

I am very happy to see your column in HIGH TIMES and thought this a perfect place to pass on a few helpful tips and to ask a few questions.

My tips are:

(1) Roll-up reflective walls. Flat white window shades, when mounted on frames, make very nice reflective walls that easily roll up out of the way for viewing or spraying of plants. They can be purchased inexpensively at resale or thrift shops.

(2) Seed-germinating aid. Poke a one-inch hole in soil, fill halfway with vermiculite. Place seed in hole and fill hole with vermiculite. It helps retain moisture and is a light, porous surface for the seedling to break through.

(3) Soil mixer. A large round garbage can with trash bag placed inside. Roll the can back and forth to mix the soil.

My questions are:

(1) Do you recommend a twenty-four-hour day, vegetative growth photoperiod, then to be cut to twelve-hour days when flowers are desired?

(2) Other than light, what can be done to improve density of flowers?

(3) Please list advantages and disadvantages of negative-ion generators.

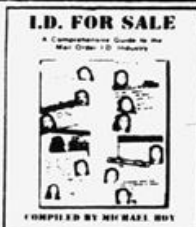
—S.H.

Des Plaines, Ill.

Thanks, S.H., for your tips. (By the way, S.H. also won Plant of the Month

/continued on page 97

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

A CASE IS MADE FOR THE FAMILY

Ground is gained in federal court toward a parent/child privilege. by Bob LaBrasca

L A S V E G A S, N E V A D A

MOST PEOPLE—MOST NONLAWYERS, at least—are downright shocked to learn that no established privilege shields them from having to bear witness against their closest blood relatives. The confidences of spouses, physicians, psychiatrists and the clergy have long been recognized as inviolable, even to the courts' relentless pursuit of the truth; but parents and children have somehow never gained that secure shelter from the agencies of the state.

Not that the privilege doesn't exist: The courts have simply tiptoed around the issue with gingerly uncertainty in the few cases where it has been asserted, leaving the law ill-defined at best; and government authorities, until recently anyway, have seldom intruded into the sanctum of the family to demand testimony against suspected lawbreakers.

In recent years though, the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Internal Revenue Service and various organized-crime strike forces around the country, supported by the popular conception of the Mafia as a sinister network of families, have launched a fusillade of subpoenas aimed at coercing information from the immediate blood relatives of their targets. So defense attorneys, more and more often, are forced to look to family privilege to deflect federal witch-hunts.

The question of whether a family privilege exists in American law strikes to the heart of whether this society pays anything more than lip service to the sanctity of the American home. And it is ironic, if not utterly hypocritical, that an enforcement agency like DEA, which perpetually invokes a drugs-threatening-our-children justification for increasing its power, is also a major force in this open assault on the family.

According to Las Vegas defense specialist Domenic Gentile, there were "somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand subpoenas [aimed at intra-

family testimony] in existence" when Las Vegas federal district judge Harry Claiborne, in January 1983, came down squarely on the side of a parent-child privilege in the *Agosto* case.

In that case, Charles Agosto, who was then 32 years old, had been subpoenaed by a federal grand jury to testify about the affairs of his father, Joseph Agosto. Gentile and his associates, representing the son, moved to quash the subpoena, citing an array of religious, philosophical, ethical, historical and even some legal authorities—arguing, in essence, that while case law on the subject of family privilege was at best equivocal, the very fabric of Western civilization would be rent by the denial of such a privilege. Hence, the privilege was vital, and rooted firmly in common law.

To construct their argument, Gentile's team referred to the most basic authorities. "When you have to create new law out of whole fabric," says Gentile, "then you really have to get down to what lawyers are trained to do, and that is to think and narrate and persuade. We had to reach back, and I mean *really* reach back. We cite the Old Testament far more than we cite case law."

In an evidentiary hearing, they presented the testimony of a battery of witnesses, including a priest, a rabbi, a psychiatrist, a psychologist and a family counselor, who established that the privilege was not only vital to the survival of the family as an institution, but that denial of it in this case would wreak havoc on the immediate family and psychological well-being of Charles Agosto. In response, Judge Claiborne issued a 79-page opinion quashing the subpoena and recognizing the privilege. It was the first federal decision clearly affirming the right of parents and children to refuse to give testimony against their lineal descendants and/or ascendants.

After the decision was rendered, in January '83, federal prosecutors filed notice of their intention to appeal it to the ninth federal circuit, but by the end

of May they had accepted a voluntary dismissal of the appeal. The decision to withdraw was almost certainly made out of fear that Claiborne's decision would be affirmed and become the law of the entire ninth circuit.

So the *Agosto* decision, isolated in the Las Vegas federal district, is by no means the law of the land; it remains the opinion of a single federal judge in a single district. But it is an exhaustive and persuasive decision that will be—and has already been—cited every time a family privilege is asserted with conviction in federal or state courts. For their part, the feds can be expected to cool their heels for a time in anticipation of confronting a case more ideally suited to their ends. Gentile observes: "If I was running their ball game, I would wait for a situation where the crime was so heinous and disgusting to the general public that, if a smart defense lawyer raised this issue and happened to get the media's attention, the facts would be such that the public would say, 'Yeah, but...'"

In the meantime *Agosto* stands as a landmark in this region of law, and at least a cautionary restraint to prosecutors who would violate families to further their careers.

For Agosto materials (all briefs, testimony, opinion, etc.), write National College for Criminal Defense, P.O. Drawer 14007, Houston, TX 77221. Request "A Case for the Family, Parent/Child Privilege." Cost of materials is \$30.

Editor's note: As this column was being completed, Judge Harry Claiborne was himself indicted by a federal grand jury on bribery and other related charges. The principal witness against him, Joseph Conforte, a former warehouse operator, was previously convicted of bribing a district attorney and attempting to extort favors from a Reno prosecutor. The credibility of Conforte's claim that Claiborne solicited \$30,000 from him is considered highly questionable. Facing a five-year prison term and the prospect of having to pay \$20 million in back taxes, Conforte fled to Brazil in 1980. He returned to testify against Claiborne only after making a secret deal with the same prosecutors whose practices Claiborne had publicly attacked.

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COKEAROMA

/continued from page 60

caine are shifted, as if the dose had been functionally increased" (my emphasis). As virtually every casual coke tooter has remarked, with great satisfaction and relief, it does seem to take less coke to get a person tolerably high as time goes on, so long as one avoids continuous binge-out sessions. Since this phenomenon of "reverse tolerance" with cocaine is politically unpalatable in the most ultrasophisticated academic circles, docs now publicly call it "sensitization." These Toronto researchers simply noted that this sensitization does occur with cocaine users, and urged more research to determine exactly how it happens.

Dr. Woodford of Atlanta has some ideas on how this may happen. And of course he expects that Psychochem Cocaine Aroma will furnish a splendid investigative tool for this ultimate determination.

The olfactory receptors of the superior turbinate are in many, many ways unique. Besides this special plug-in to the limbic system, they physically rejuvenate themselves by a lunar timetable: every 28 days, a whole new set of sniff-cells. And cocaine enhances their function and receptivity.

Right, no kidding. In that same volume of *Pharmacology Biochemistry and Behavior*, a separate team of docs report on the persistence of "olfactory kindling" after cocaine-snorting. After a good stiff snorting session, they determined, a person's receptivity to all odors is measurably enhanced for longer than a week running. Even after a single snort, a person's olfactory powers are measurably augmented for nearly two hours longer than the 20-minute high itself (*Archives of Otolaryngology*, 1966). So something about cocaine obviously greases up the whole old-factory arrangement of reception and feedback; but it's unlikely to be the cocaine itself, since odorless cocaine is not known to kindle activity in olfactory cells. Only *Me* benzoate, *Me* cinnamate, and *di-Me* Truxillate do that.

And besides this property of tickling up one's smell-cells, cocaine—like anything else that goes that far up your nose—stimulates the little sensitive nostril hairs along your septum. As everyone knows, this can bring on a sneeze, a la *Annie Hall*; whereupon it is recommended that you inflate a rubber balloon, squeak it up to a stiff static-elect-

/continued on page 87



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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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508 I BRAKE FOR HALLUCINATIONS.

bumper sticker,
Cambridge, Mass., 1983

509 ABUSUS NON TOLLIT USUM.
(Abuse is no argument against proper use.)

Latin proverb

510 COLONISTS' THIRST FOR BOOZE
NEVER FLAGGED

Houston—Those who think Americans drink a lot today should take a look at colonial boozing.

A new book on drinking behavior says that colonial-era Americans over the age of 15 consumed almost six gallons of pure alcohol per capita annually, or about 34 gallons of beer and cider, and about five gallons of distilled liquor. Today, the average alcohol consumption level in this country is about 2.9 gallons per person.

"Back then, alcohol was more common at the family table than today," report authors James Kirby Martin and Mark Lender in "Drinking in America: A History." "Even children shared the dinner beer."

Funeral Beer

Martin and Lender also say that drinking on the job was a common practice, with alcohol used to deaden the pain of the back-breaking labor and farm work. Without liquor, soldiers would not fight, voters would not vote, mourners would not mourn and workers would not work.

The authors also have a good deal to say about the terminology used in drinking, noting that the term "booze" caught on in the United States around 1840, when a Philadelphia distiller named E.G. Booze began handing out small bottles of alcohol to customers.

"Binge," on the other hand, is an English nautical term, meaning "pump full of water," as is the phrase "three sheets to the wind," meaning a ship that is totally out of control.

"Cocktails" became a synonym for alcoholic beverages when a colonial bartender stirred a drink with a feather from the tail of a rooster and left it there as a garnish.

'Redeye'

Finally, "red-eye," a term for bad whiskey, traces its roots to the Bible, which says: "Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at wine."

Better Living, summer 1983

511 I HAD BEEN READING LT. HERN-
don's account of his explorations of the Amazon and had been mightily attracted by what he said of coca. I made up my mind that I would go to the head-waters of the Amazon and collect coca and trade in it and make a fortune. I left for New Orleans in the steamer *Paul Jones* with this great idea filling my mind. One of the pilots of that boat was Horace Bixby. Little by little I got acquainted with him and pretty soon I was doing a lot of steering for him in his daylight watches. When I got to New Orleans I inquired about ships leaving for Pará and discovered that there weren't any and learned that there probably wouldn't be any during that century...

Mark Twain, about 1857,
when he was 21, in
Autobiography, 1906

512 DID THE STUDENT PROTESTS IM-
prove the world?

No, I don't believe it at all. I know they were angry, and they had a perfect right. But they did no damn good. They should have been exterminated like lice. Their protest was too feeble. You don't do it by getting drunk and insane. You've got to have all your wits, to be cleverer than the man you want to beat.

Henry Miller,
People magazine, 1980

513 THREE BEERS A DAY MAY OFFER THE
same level of protection against heart disease as jogging, a Baylor College of Medicine study suggests...

In the study at Baylor, located in Waco, Tex., HDL cholesterol levels increased significantly in 13 inactive men who drank three 12-ounce beers a day for three weeks. The same beer-drinking pattern failed to affect HDL levels in 16 marathon runners and 15 joggers.

"Our data suggest that non-exercisers can maintain levels of [HDL cholesterol] similar to those of individuals who jog regularly," said Dr. G. Harley Hartung and his colleagues.

New York Post, Feb. 11, 1983

514 BREAKING SMOKERS'
EARS AND NOSES

A Florida doctor has developed a radical treatment for breaking cigarette smokers of

their habit: He damages the cartilage in their ears and nose.

Dr. Robert Palmer, a University of Miami physician, claims that habitual smokers are actually addicted to their own endorphins, those morphinelike chemicals produced by the body in response to wounds or such irritants as nicotine. Endorphins are probably 10,000 times more addictive than heroin, accounting for the hold that cigarettes have on their users.

So Palmer developed a shot he says stimulates endorphin production in the brain, thereby ridding smokers of this dependency.

The treatment starts with the injection of sodium chloride, vitamin B₁, and procaine, a local anesthetic, into the cartilage of each ear and on the side of the nose. The mixture is a chemical irritant that temporarily damages cartilage, causing the body to produce endorphins of its own...

Omni, Jan. 1983

515 ON WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE
were 20: "I would share with my classmates rejection of the whole world as it is—all of it. Is there any point in studying and work? Fornication—at least that is something good. What else is there to do? Fornicate and take drugs against this terrible strain of idiots who govern the world."

Albert Szent-Gyorgy,
Feb. 20, 1970

516 LEGAL DRUGS WORSE THAN
ILLEGAL ONES

Legal drugs hurt and kill more Americans than the illegal ones.

That's the finding of the federal government's General Accounting Office (GAO), which adds that most of the abused prescription drugs are obtained from retailers.

The GAO is urging a program of professional peer pressure, regulation, education and law enforcement as the best means to control the problem.

Responding to an appeal from the GAO, the federal Drug Enforcement Agency is circulating a statement supportive of the program.

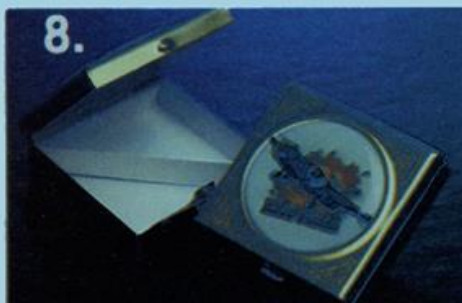
The approach requires help from federal, state and local governments, as well as the support of medical and pharmaceutical groups to bring success, the GAO says.

Your Health,
Dec. 21, 1982

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
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LAST YEAR AT LINCOLN CENTER

The New York Film Festival came and went last fall, leaving both highbrows, lowbrows and everybody in between something to remember.



Young, joyous Communist party members—historical footage from the documentary Seeing Red.

I arrived in New York City one Halloween night three years ago, and departed barely before another; and the other yearly event that bracketed my passing was the New York Film Festival. I was certifiably a midwestern hick; and the kind for whom, at the age of 12 to 20, magazines like the *New Yorker* and papers like the *Village Voice* assume celestial proportions. Now, this credulous, starry-eyed hick is suddenly set loose not only upon Manhattan—with its towers and glass slabs vanishing in smoke and cloud, gray river, gray ocean and hints of endless license, abandon, sex, cultural reservoirs like untapped subterranean oil pools—but upon the New York Film Festival, the Tiffany and Fifth Avenue of U.S. film festivals, exactly what always seemed

so enticing, unapproachable—like a nada-eyed Soho girl with an ashen face and a thousand-dollar dress—half a continent away, back on the cornspeckled plains.

Picture the NYFF itself for a second. Radical chic in *excelsis*, in a way—with its European auteurist premieres and great classic revivals, mixed in with women's, gay and Third World pictures, left-wing documentaries and slightly arcane experimental shorts. Many of the directors—Godard, Truffaut, Rohmer, godheads in most private pantheons—there in person. Curved rows of plush seats down to the Avery Fisher Hall stage (I'm a first-tens-rows-dead-center man myself). Two press screenings a day—one morning, one afternoon—with just enough time

in between to catch a salad or burger at one of the outdoor cafés across from Lincoln Center (or a hot plate at the bars closer to Columbus Circle). On the screen before you, what always struck me—although not necessarily my professionally jaded colleagues—as a cornucopia of riches. Then, on the stage, guided toward a microphone table by Richard Roud, NYFF founder, chairman, head interpreter and maître d', the cineaste or writer or actress of the moment. Then the questions...

There's one guy who makes every NYFF I've been to, who sits on the left in the second tier and invariably kicks things off with several sonorously intoned catechism fit for a dissertation, a bald gent who speaks as if everything



Tarkovsky's Nostalghia, one of the Festival's supreme moments

he's said has already been through three editors, several proofs and two editions. (I've heard it rumored he is not even attached to a publication, but he *can* be relied upon to fill in some of those embarrassed, hollow silences.) Another young auteurist guerrilla—a radio reviewer whose nasal chutzpah recalled Richard Dreyfuss as Duddy Kravitz—prowls the stage, with a mike he keeps aiming at interviewees like Sam Spade's heater. He later failed to warm my heart when he announced to a group of us that he wanted "to go right out and kick Coppola in the balls for *Rumblefish*." Also, mixed in with the occasional pretension are the dingbats. I remember one gushing youth who asked François Truffaut if he had copied sections of *The Woman Next Door* out of *Mommie Dearest*. (Truffaut, bemused, replied that he'd been thinking, instead, of Heinrich von Kleist.)

The NYFF seemed eternal and unchangeable throughout my entire three years, symbolized by the suave, slightly nervous Roud—who looks, as Pauline Kael once suggested, somewhat like a white Roscoe Lee Browne, and to whose credit the excellence of the fest obviously redounds. I always loved it. I could never understand the skepticism or disdainful quips of my press companions. If I saw a film I thought bad or indifferent, it never became a personal affront. I never wanted to go out and find a director and kick him in the balls, or her in the crotch—in print or otherwise. What I didn't like was balanced out by what I did. And, actually, most of what I saw I liked. It's possible I still

have a hick's credulous crush, but I enjoyed *this* one more than the other two combined.

Perhaps it was simply better. Some of the pearls of the 21st—Hitchcock's tense, blackly witty voyeur's thriller, *Rear Window*; Wajda's wrenching *Danton*; Kasdan's immaculate *The Big Chill* (not one of my favorites); Kaplan's heartwarming little proletarian drag-racing bio, *Heart Like a Wheel* (the fest's biggest crowd-pleaser); Coppola's incandescent *Rumblefish* and Altman's stark, brutal *Streamers*—have already opened here, or are soon to open. They demon-

strate, among other things, how incongruously strong the 21st NYFF was in recent American fiction features, almost anachronistically, since the studios, in what may be a spasm of reverse snobbery, often avoid "art" festivals and insist they hurt box office. (More than likely, they bruise corporate egos.)

Rear Window, with a silvery but still sneakily sardonic, stutter-drawling Jimmy Stewart in attendance, was one of the NYFF's great moments. So were the two other revivals: Max Ophüls's 1934 Italian romance, *La Signora di Tutta*—as full of sumptuously swirling, bittersweet gaiety as *Madame De...* or *La Ronde*; and a dynamic 1929 Soviet avant-garde portrayal of the Paris communes, *The New Babylon*—by the Kozintsev-Trauberg directorial team (they also called themselves "the Eccentric Theater" and, after their dissolution, Kozintsev became famous for his adaptations of *Don Quixote* and *Hamlet*), and accompanied by a reconstruction of its original Dmitri Shostakovich score. This last was an event as thrilling, in some ways, as the live accompaniment for the reconstructed *Napoleon*.

For the rest of the 21st, I would have given my own personal Golden Palm to Andrei Tarkovsky's eerily beautiful, harrowing, Italian-Russian coproduction, *Nostalghia*. The title refers—more strongly than simple "nostalgia," to a longing for one's past, a sense of agonized displacement—and the movie



Fighting to save the Paris Commune, from The New Babylon

followed a Russian academic in Italy who encounters a "madman" of suicidal integrity, goodness and vision. Tarkovsky's film (much like *Ivan's Childhood*, *Andrei Rublev* and the undervalued *Stalker*) unspooled at a majestically unhurried pace, a succession of coldly impassioned, sometimes shockingly beautiful images; recreated memory frescoes in monochrome; a desperate ritual with a guttering candle in a drained pool; a botched death in a Roman square, with a blank-eyed audience that seems posed for a surrealistic *Vogue* layout. (I missed the one film at the NYFF that may have bettered *Nostalghia*: Robert Bresson's *L'Argent*—which shared with *Nostalghia* the director's prize at Cannes, and which unfortunately still lacked a distributor when I left New York.)

As runners-up, I would choose Coppola's madly idiosyncratic, Tulsa-expressionist fever-drama, *Rumblefish*; Godard's *Passion*, a typically perverse return to cameraman Raoul Coutard and "bourgeois beauty" (Godard described his illustrious collaborator, admiringly, as "a peasant of the camera") and a despairing portrait of movie-making fit to stand beside Fassbinder's *Beware the Holy Whore*, Aldrich's *The Big Knife* or his own *Contempt*. And, finally, Alain Resnais's *Life Is a Bed of Roses*, a gentle, sprightly little fairy tale about education and "happiness," an intellectual's musical comedy, and probably the most sheerly pleasurable work of this sometimes opaque director.

Among the others, briefly: Ruy Guerra's *Erendira*, from an original screenplay by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (it laid around for years until Marquez eventually incorporated the episode into *One Hundred Years of Solitude*), was a savagely colorful, surreal fable about exploitation and sex, with a roaringly gusty performance by Irene Papas as the fallen aristocrat who drives her granddaughter into whoredom. (Guerra was also my favorite among the directors I met or interviewed, a Brazilian-Mozambique "hippie" of uncommon gentleness and empathy.) Diane Kurys's *Coup de Foudre*—or *Entre Nous*, which it has been strangely retitled for the States—is a subtle, touching, novelistic memoir of her parents' breakup, the boundaries of feminine friendship. Eagle Pennell's *Last Night at the Alamo* was a sort of lower-case Lone Star *Ice-man Cometh*. Chantal Ackerman's *The Golden Eighties* was as peculiar, uncompromising and delightfully maddening as her *Jeanne Dielman*—a sort of avant-garde Belgian musical, complete with



Howard Brookner's Burroughs with Allen Ginsberg

slightly cracked video rehearsal tape.

One of the documentaries—which included piercing looks at both William Burroughs (Howard Brookner's *Burroughs*) and the American Communist Party (Julia Reichert and James Klein's *Seeing Red*)—struck home with an abrupt, wounding, *personal* impact. It was Jackie Ochs's *The Secret Agent*: an hour-long chronicle of the vicious history of Agent Orange. The Lincoln Center audience applauded it (it was the only film I saw away from the press screenings, for reasons that will become apparent). I watched it—along with my guest, Georgia—with a kind of rapt, numb intensity. More than a decade ago, Georgia had toured Australia and Southeast Asia, just skirting the heat of the Vietnam War. Ever since, she has had periodic bouts of what she believed was some lingering jungle virus; the symptoms included fatigue, nausea, skin eruptions, dizziness, intense irritability and almost crippling attacks of insomnia. Many Vietnam vets, of course, will recognize this catalog instantly as part of the many aftereffects of exposure to Agent Orange.

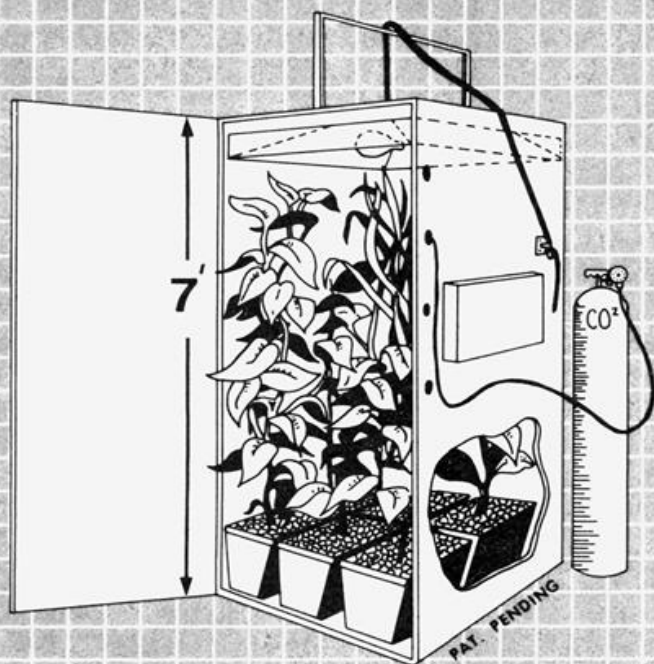
Exposure to Agent Orange—chloracne and its many manifestations—is not, of course, even classified as a disease, much less a treatable one, at most medical centers. Perhaps because, in the wake of billion-dollar-plus damage suits, even one admission of the poisonous potential of dioxin and Agent Orange would doom Dow and the other chemical companies to the retribution they seem to fear most: a financial one. . . . A fate against which their minions—lawyers, scientific consultants and government "friends"—work daily with the smooth, well-oiled, deodorized assurance of the imperviously affluent and corrupt.

A few of those minions—including Dow's official spokesman—appeared in *The Secret Agent*, exuding the cheeriness of bland androids, programmed so thoroughly that every vagrant or troubling emotion or thought or scrap of imagination was scoured out of their systems years ago, with nothing left but a dry, spiny ball of purpose: *to defend the mother company, at all costs*. (And the costs, of course, swarmed around the emotionless Dowman: dioxin-exposed vets deteriorating from a variety of diseases, with children born deformed, and plagued by insomnia or depression, riddled with cancers, dying by inches—and with only their families, friends and supporting organizations to fall back on.) Georgia and I watched this with an almost shriveling rage and hurt, the intermittent exaltation that *someone* was fighting back, and the conviction that, for all that they wreaked upon the American and Asian soldiers, the Asian civilians and farmers, and all the rest of us, the chemical companies and their defenders deserve to rot in hell a thousand times over.

That, of course, was a personal reaction. But the calm aesthetic judgment or the objective verdict of history are never entirely unclouded by the personal, are they? At the end of the last showing—the last picture show of my last NYFF (for a while)—I hugged Georgia, and we caught the D train home. Manhattan, a week later, slid back into the mists—along with Lincoln Center, Richard Roud, the bald guy in the second tier, everyone—and I was left, finally, with another bout of *nostalghia*. □

(Ed. note: Michael Wilmington recently became Film Editor for the L.A. Weekly. This is the last column he generated from New York.)

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/continued from page 79

tricity charge and rub it over the spot in the carpet where the cocaine-crystals scattered. Total recovery guaranteed.

As to the mechanics of sneezing, well, it's your basic "anaphylactic" reaction. The little nose hairs, when thusly stimulated by any exterior agency, signal up the instant cloning of "IgE immunoglobins" throughout the old bloodstream, along with histamine, and *ah-choo!* This itself is an intensely pleasurable sensation (c'mon, admit it), and Dr. Stuart Twemloe of the Topeka Institute of Psychoanalysis suspects that people who get high behind Psychem are undergoing a variety of "psychic anaphylaxis flashback reaction." (A term coined in the 1880s, interestingly, by one of the coke-tooting chums of Dr. Sigmund Freud at the Allgemeines Krankenhaus in Vienna.)

So there are all sorts of different reasons why experienced coke tooters may get high on the simple aroma of the sort of coke to which they're accustomed. There's no question that some of them do in fact get high; the questions now are how they get high; why they

don't all get high; and how this newly proven phenomenon may be employed for the benefit of folks wishing to shake loose of a cocaine Jones. Also, what sort of tactics the feds will use to keep Old Factory, Inc., from putting all their coke-sniffing dogs out of work—but that will only be revealed in the fullness of time.

Finally, Pure Cupidity

Dr. Ronald Siegel has reported that narcs on the Coast are already losing buy-money on what they secretly call "syntho-coke." Says Siegel, "It's procaine and ephedrine infused with an oil which includes methyl benzoate, methyl cinnamate and the diethyl esters of Truxillic acid."

Confronted about this, Steve Swimmer at the Old Factory affirms that it can't possibly be Psychem, with its crystal-corrupting diluent, in that syntho-coke. "The formula's been published in the patent, in the *Forensic Chemistry Abstracts*, published by the American Chemical Society, and now in *HIGH TIMES*," he points out. "Rip-off artists can read just like anyone else. If they change the diluent, they've got a rip-off." It was inevitable, after all, that someone *would* come up with the Psy-

chem formula eventually; it sure could have fallen into worse hands than the lads at Old Factory in Atlanta.

And hell, why should a little funny-smelling ephedrine bother anyone who's listened to Mark Gold or Arnold Washton enumerating the horrors of true cocaine?

"Cocaine is the most reinforcing drug known to science," Dr. Washton tells *HIGH TIMES*, and anyone else who cares to listen. "There's nothing aversive about it. Unlike alcohol, nicotine or opiates, there's no initial period of aversion to cocaine's effects. Nobody doesn't like cocaine, and everybody likes it right from the first. So they keep on administering it to themselves, again and again. They don't realize, at first, that after the cocaine euphoria passes away, there's a corresponding depression. They only know that they feel bad, and they want to take more cocaine to feel better, so they readminister. People can work up to some incredible dosages, spending thousands of dollars a week. They begin freebasing, or using it intravenously, to save money, and the effects are magnified. If they don't eventually seek treatment, they're in serious trouble. Cocaine is the classic reinforcing agent. Lab monkeys have been shown to self-

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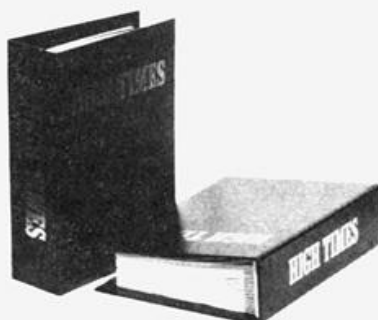


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administer cocaine, in preference to food, to the point of death from starvation." And so on. If I have forgotten anything here, you can get the entire, unexpurgated catalog of horrors by dialing 800-COCAINE, from anywhere in the country.

Washton's cocoordinator of the National Cocaine Hotline, Dr. Mark Gold of Fair Oaks, tends to emphasize the economic horrors of cocaine in his own public rhetoric. His statistics change from month to month, in a progressively more dire direction, as more people call that accursed number, and allow him to upwardly revise his estimates of "cocaine addicts" in the land. (At one time, in an evident access of his own mercurial NE, Gold really did put the figure at 100 million Americans.) However Gold's figures may flux from season to season, though, the sermon is always the same. Cocaine's most lamentable depredations are on its upper-middle-class consumers. It causes them to lose their wonderful \$50,000-a-year professional positions, their extra cars, their summer houses, their personal cars, their personal houses, their inflated mortgages, the admiration of their peers and the affection of their loved ones. Here is a drug that poisons the American Dream. And this is all new, too, just since these upwardly mobile ding-a-lings discovered cocaine in the late '70s.

That is, it's the same old etiological myth that's always been laid on cocaine, and marijuana too: These are drugs that formerly were taken strictly by Negroes, and when white people take these drugs, it turns them into Negroes. Lose your money, lose community respect, lose self-esteem...

These are the people who have it in their capacity to make Psychem Cocaine Aroma a "detoxification adjunct" for "recovering cocaine addicts": a rich man's methadone, as 'twere. That's sure to garner them a lot of juicy federal research-grant money, and a lot more public approbation than Gold and Washton ever got for devising their wonderful clonidine-to-naltroxone detox mode for heroin addicts. But it sure seems to me that a person strung out on this candy-ass drug cocaine could save a lot of time, money and headache just by stopping it. It ain't like nicotine, y'know. Coffee withdrawals are nastier. Just go without for a week, and you're fine again, guaranteed.

Just say "No." Hell, Mackenzie Phillips has given up cocaine successfully more times than my mother's given up Fanny Farmers. □

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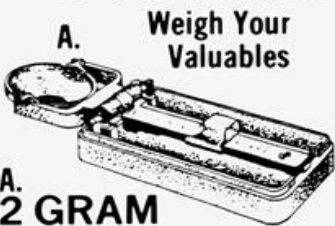
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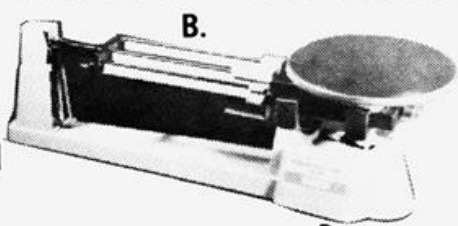
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SPEED RAPPIN' WITH MOTORHEAD

Roll over, REO. Fuck off, Van Halen. Get deaf, Leppard. England's raunchiest metallic amphetamine bebop power trio is back with a new album, a new guitarist and a renewed attempt to assault the hearts and behinds of an unwitting American populace.

You want sweetness and light, you go Stevie Nicks. You want get down boogie barf all over your motorcycle boots, you go Motorhead. The English heavy-metal trio recently released their fourth LP, *Another Perfect Day*, and *HIGH TIMES* Editor-in-Chief Larry "Ratso" Sloman had the pleasure of chatting up bassist Lemmy Kilminster and drummer Philthy Phil Taylor between tapings at MTV.

HIGH TIMES: How'd you get the name Motorhead?

LEMMY: It's American slang for speed freak.

HIGH TIMES: What's the worst rock 'n' roll disease you've had?

PHILTHY: Crabs.

LEMMY: Is that the worst you've ever had?

PHILTHY: Well, it's the only one I've ever had, I've been pretty lucky. I've got crabs and, believe it or not, I didn't get it from a chick or a geezer.

HIGH TIMES: Where'd you get it? Deep-sea diving?

PHILTHY: In Europe.

HIGH TIMES: I read one of you had anal warts?

PHILTHY: Yeah, right. Really, I'm the only person in the world I've ever heard of who's had that. I mean, that's ridiculous.

LEMMY: He had herpes, before it became fashionable. I once had the clap and I didn't find out about it until a Friday night, when all the clinics



were shut, and I had to go through the whole weekend with it. Believe me, it's fucking agony. I'll tell you, it's the worst. I wouldn't wish that on anybody. Well, almost anybody.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Margaret Thatcher?

LEMMY: Not much. I mean, she's ugly. I don't fancy her. Her legs are rotten. She has terrible clothes sense.

PHILTHY: I think she's a po'-faced cow.

HIGH TIMES: Here's an easy question for you. What's your favorite drug, and why?

PHILTHY: Could this incriminate us?

HIGH TIMES: Probably.

PHILTHY: Our favorite drugs is, um, um—

LEMMY: My favorite drug is speed, 'cause it gets me up onstage in a good mood, but I really wouldn't recommend it to most people, because most people who do it go completely over the top, given a couple of weeks on it. It's not good for most people, but my metabolism seems to have adjusted.

I used to smoke a lot of dope at one time, but it just got like reruns. So I stopped doing that. He still smokes a bit, but I just mainly do speed and a bit of alcohol.

PHILTHY: I do the lot.

LEMMY: But we would like to say in the pages of *HIGH TIMES*, which is read by people who should know better, that we hate heroin and always will. I mean, heroin is the worst thing to happen to this generation. Always fucks people up.

HIGH TIMES: Describe your tattoos.

LEMMY: Well, one's on the left arm, the other's on the right. One's in color and the other isn't.

HIGH TIMES: One says, BORN TO LOSE.

LEMMY: LIVE TO WIN.

HIGH TIMES: With a spade . . .

LEMMY: . . . which is holding optimistic hope for the future, and, you know, a terrible sort of downer depression about the past. This one is a Phoenix rising from a marijuana leaf. She's very badly drawn . . . done by a drunken hippie in Toledo, Ohio. We all got so bored in Toledo, we went and got a tattoo just for entertainment, and that's what that is.

HIGH TIMES: You got any tattoos, Philthy?

LEMMY: He's got a small one.

PHILTHY: About four years ago, in Amsterdam, we were on a tour, and one thing I'd always said to myself

was, "I'm never going to get a tattoo," because it's something you just don't get removed, unless you can afford the surgery. We were really out of it, and whenever we're over there in Amsterdam, we always go down and try and pay a visit to the Angels bar, because it's a good time and they've got a tattoo parlor in the basement. And we went in there and, of course, I mean, I was really drunk and out of it, and it took me ages to pick it out and I'm really into snakes.

LEMMY: He was just looking at them.

PHILTHY: And I picked out this snake and it looked really great in the magazine and then the guy did it and then, a few weeks later, while I still had the bandage on, I was with this French girl—she was one of these chicks who's like a scab-picker, you know what I mean, there she was picking other people's scabs—and one morning I woke up and she took the bandage off and ripped the whole fucking scab off me, and like now, as you can see, it looks like a bleeding sea horse. Originally it was a really great snake, with coils and the lot, and she pulled all the scabs off. Well, Lemmy came up with the idea to put two little horns on it and a shell on its stomach and make a snail. I'm quite ashamed of that tattoo, you know, it's there to stay, which just serves to prove that I was right in the first place. Well, I'm never going to have another one, I tell you.

HIGH TIMES: Who are your favorite MOR singers, favorite middle-of-the-road singers?

LEMMY: I used to like that one by the Carpenters—"Yesterday Once More."

PHILTHY: There was a group, the Carpenters.

LEMMY: Because of the harmonies, you know, sort of like an old '50s singer.

PHILTHY: Don't forget Abba—your favorite group.

LEMMY: Yeah, I love Abba.

PHILTHY: I don't really like all that stuff, not at all. Everyone has different opinions of what MOR music is. Some people would say, like, the Police are MOR.

HIGH TIMES: No, no, I'm thinking of hard-core MOR, like Wayne Newton, Lawrence Welk, Pat Boone.

LEMMY: I must admit I can never work up a lot of enthusiasm for Lawrence Welk.

PHILTHY: From that era I liked Buffy Sainte Marie, because I used to really

want to fuck her.

LEMMY: 'Cause she was an Indian.

HIGH TIMES: How do you guys relate to the hard-core bands that have come up now?

PHILTHY: Like who?

HIGH TIMES: Well, like the Dead Kennedys. You know, there's a lot of similarities between you and them.

LEMMY: Yeah, I know, we play the same sort of length of numbers, right? Play with the same sort of intensity.

HIGH TIMES: Same intensity, everything seems very speeded up.

LEMMY: Well, we came up the same time as the Punk thing in England. I think we got a bit off of them and they got a bit off of us—It was a cross-fertilization, and, it sounds overblown to say stuff like that in this context, but that's probably what it actually was.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah.

LEMMY: You know, because we did a gig, Supporting the Damned. And there's a Damned and us and the Adverts, the whole thing, so we were in a Punk situation, an ongoing Punk situation, and they were confronted with all these leather jackets as well, right? Like last night in Montreal, there was this guy in the audience with spiky hair, you know, and I pointed him out from the stage. I said, "See that guy? He's got more guts than any of you, because he's come here and he's risking a beating for being here." You know, because it's really polarized over here, whereas in England it crosses over much easier.

HIGH TIMES: It's more polarized here, do you find?

LEMMY: Yeah. I think so. Phil doesn't, but I do. I think it's more polarized over here, because all these guys have got things on their backs saying things like, I KILLED A PUNK AND I'M PROUD, and all that, you know. You get all that in the States.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah. Well, I used to hear about all of your famous skinheads against the mods, and all that shit.

LEMMY: Oh, skinheads are different.

PHILTHY: Well, I used to be a skinhead when I was like between the ages of twelve and fifteen, going on sixteen, until I got into playing drums.

LEMMY: That's the main difference in it. Skinheads aren't into music so much.

PHILTHY: No. In the days of the original skinheads, when I was a skinhead, it was just all fighting, just going

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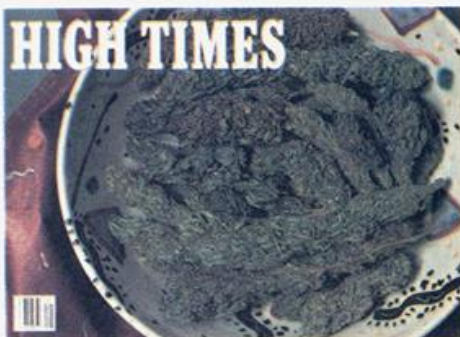
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to football matches. I didn't even know who the team members were. I'd just go along because everybody I knew went to the matches.

Like, you're left on your own on a Saturday afternoon in town, with nothing to do, so we'd just go along there and fight, you know, basically just get drunk and fight and beat up hippies. I mean, I'm quite ashamed of that, I mean, anyway, I don't mind, like, fighting opposite supporters sort of thing... but I'm quite ashamed of some of the things I did.

I can remember my heavy sort of skinhead bit was when I lived in a town called Leeds, which is in the north of England, and every Friday night they used to have a concert at the university, and the gang I was in, we used to actually go there and hang out and wait for all the hippies to come out and just beat up on them. I mean, you know, that's fucking bad, man, that really is. That's really bad. I mean, luckily, I actually still know guys, you know, from that time...

LEMMY: ... who still do it.
HIGHTIMES: Yeah.

PHILTHY: I'm talking about, like, sixteen years ago, and these guys, they're either in prison or they're basically still skinheads with maybe a little bit longer hair, you know, but they haven't progressed anywhere at all. I'm just glad...

LEMMY: ... you got out of it...

HIGHTIMES: ... yeah...

LEMMY: ... because most kids don't.

HIGHTIMES: Yeah. Now, if you see a flower child on the street pan-handling, you stop and drop some coins in his hat.

LEMMY: The worst things about the skinheads was when he was in it, was that he just attacked them because they were different, which has always been the kind of trouble with human beings. Always fucking doing it.

That's why Archie Bunker is such a hit on American TV. You know what I mean, all that shit, I mean, it's funny. We all go "Ha-ha-ha," but it exists out there and it's like that.

It's such a bad scene. I mean, everybody is different. The only way to live is to treat people as they fucking treat you; you know, if somebody's a bastard to me, I don't give a fuck what color he is. I don't give a fuck if he's got one hair or a bone through his nose, I'd go back at him. If somebody treats me all right, the same.

HIGHTIMES: You must have some strange fans... I don't know why I think that.

LEMMY: I think the best one was the guy, when we were playing in a place called Wigan, a town in the north of England, right up in the north, in the industrial end of England, you know. It's an old cotton town, sort of like Shreveport, Louisiana. It's an old cotton town, and there's some depression. Wigan is like this joke thing in the music halls and vaudeville. There used to be a joke, "Wigan," you know, and you'd get a good laugh, always with it. This guy, really, put it all back into it. I mean he really personified the whole thing. He came up, he had three pairs of jeans on, two shirts and two jackets on, and this hat. Covered in blood. He'd been smashing his head on the stage. His whole face was a mask of red and it was all over him, and he came and he said, "Hey, fucking A—you're fuckin' magic, you are."

PHILTHY: He says, "Boy, it's fucking great, fucking bionic, fucking bionic, man." That's the term, you know, the million-dollar-man and all that. "Fucking bionic," you know, and he's got this great big smile on his face and he's going "Fucking bionic, man," and this guy's pumping blood and there's all these lumps on his head.

LEMMY: We just sort of went, "Jesus." I mean, I thought we were a bit far out—we look like it, but he was it!

HIGH TIMES: What do your parents think of what you do?

LEMMY: Well, my parents love it because I've got a job, at last. Because I was on a lot of job-opportunity programs, you know, because I was never really cut out for much, apart from being a hooligan or a beachcomber, really. So when I got a job of some sort and I was earning money... and then two years ago, I really clinched it. I bought them a video and a TV and a lot of tapes, and now they think that I'm the best thing that ever happened to humanity since possibly the Roman Empire. But I think the feeling is one of relief rather than joy, you know.

HIGH TIMES: How about your parents?

PHILTHY: It's about the same.

My mum and dad—until, you know, Motorhead became successful—I mean, I guess...

LEMMY: ... they gave up on him.

PHILTHY: I've never really been close to my parents. Only since we became really successful have I got really close to my parents. Even though it was my dad, actually, who started me off playing the drums.

LEMMY: It was only to get you out

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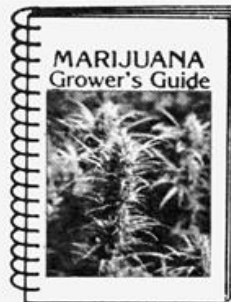
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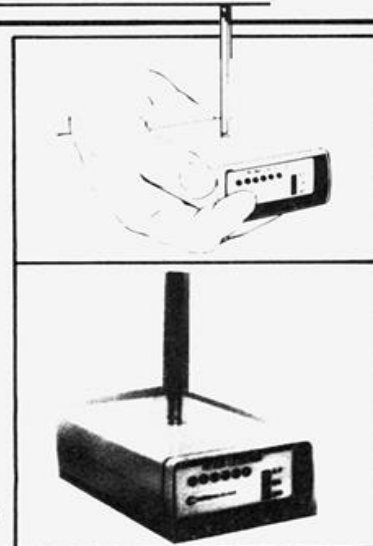
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of fighting, though.

PHILTHY: Yeah. Right. That's true, actually. My skinhead period, you know. He had to go and get me out of the juvenile police station one too many times. He locked me away and bought me this crappy old drum kit. You know, "All right, you little bastard"—he was a sergeant major in the army, right?—and he says, "All right, you bastard, if you want to go around taking your violence out by beating people up, you can take it out by playing the drums," because I'd always sort of pissed about with, like, knitting needles, rimming them on the sideboard and things like that. That's how that started. My parents, I mean, we get on really well, and whenever we're gigging in England they always come to as many gigs as possible, within the radius of where they live. They still live in the north of England.

LEMMY: His dad and his sister even ran our fan club for quite a long time. He's really in love with us, you know. It's really what he would have liked to do, I think.

HIGH TIMES: Your latest album is *Another Perfect Day*. How would you describe a perfect day in terms of Motorhead. What would a perfect day be for you guys?

LEMMY: You get up at two o'clock, pick up the best-looking chick you know, she comes over, stays with you most of the afternoon, then you go out and get drunk.

PHILTHY: In actual fact, *Another Perfect Day*—it's the total opposite of what it means, right? It's just, there ain't no perfect day in any man's life. It's like, "God almighty, again? I want to just go to sleep..." Then back in the studio. Another perfect bleeding day.

HIGH TIMES: So another perfect day is one when you don't wake up with a big crank headache or something?

PHILTHY: Yeah.

HIGH TIMES: What would you do if you were alone in a room with Boy George?

PHILTHY: You're never alone with a schizophrenic.

LEMMY: I'd probably spend the night talking to him. He's a very nice kid, as it so happens. We've met when we were rehearsing.

LEMMY: He's a really ordinary geezer, man. Shut your eyes and talk to him, he sounds like anybody you'd meet on the street. I've met a lot of weirder people that looked a lot more ordinary.

PHILTHY: One thing I can never

understand, though, is like, when you actually meet these people, and the way they dress and the way they look, and they turn out to be completely like the guy over the fence from next door, so there's got to be something in there that they're hiding, right?

LEMMY: I won't say George is hiding it!

PHILTHY: Well, no, not from all outward appearances. But I mean, *inside*, what he don't tell you. I mean, if you're like the normal guy looking over the fence, you don't go around looking like that. I'm sure he's a very nice geezer, you know, but, like, maybe if I was in the room with him I'd say, "Well, why do you dress up like that? How did you get to do it?"

HIGH TIMES: What do you guys see yourselves doing ten years from now?

PHILTHY: Probably still trying to break America.

LEMMY: Yeah, probably still trying to get a Top-forty hit.

PHILTHY: Well, we'll either be dead or we'll still be doing what we're doing, basically.

LEMMY: Yeah. I can't see us changing much. I mean, even if we break up, we'll still be playing the same sort of fucking music.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, like, I'm trying to think what it was... Like, Mick Jagger is now kind of a parody of himself. It's either the Stones...

PHILTHY:... the Stones, yeah.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah.

PHILTHY: At least they're moving with the times, you know.

HIGH TIMES: But your music is kind of like a youthful music... heavy metal... I can see ninety-year-old blues guys onstage, but ninety-year-old heavy metal?

LEMMY: Heavy metal is the blues of today, man, I tell you, that's what it is. It's the old rock 'n' roll of today, too. Because it always comes back. You get kids who will always go see it. It's like when I used to listen to Jimmy Reed, you know, and you'd think, Jesus, he's great—and he was fifty. And Chuck Berry is fifty now, you know, and it's one of those kinds of music. There are about five or six different kinds of music that really never go away. They're always going to be there. There's always going to be an audience go to see them.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, yeah, but you can see yourself, like, you know, age fifty-eight, being onstage saying, "Die, you bastard."

PHILTHY: Yeah. Well, no. By that time we will probably have made a few more albums. We will probably have dropped that one. We will probably have something called "Napalm Your Mother to Death, You Bastards."

LEMMY: I don't know. I can't imagine doing anything else.

I'm only forty, and some days I feel like shit, I mean...

PHILTHY:... some days you feel forty.

LEMMY: Yeah, really. Some days you do. And some days I feel a hundred and forty, you know. But you hit the stage and it all goes away and it's wonderful. I mean, in Toronto, there were nights when I came offstage and I couldn't breathe, literally. I mean, I don't know if you've ever experienced that, but I could not breathe. And I was flat on my back for about an hour.

PHILTHY: It was a hundred and twenty degrees, with the same amount of humidity and no air-conditioning, packed wall to wall.

LEMMY: All the same, onstage I didn't notice it. Only after I come off. I mean, Fee Waybill of the Tubes, he broke his leg onstage and he did two numbers and an encore after—he didn't notice it was broke.

That's the best drug there is. Put that in your magazine. That's the best drug there is.

PHILTHY: That's the best high. That's the best high time I can get.

HIGH TIMES: Adrenalin rush—

PHILTHY: Yeah, really, because some nights we do go onstage completely sober. Not out of choice.

LEMMY: Sometimes the booze didn't arrive in time, you know.

PHILTHY: Well, I didn't necessarily mean booze, but you know, there's always at least one gig in every week or two weeks when you've maybe not had quite enough sleep or whatever, you've just gone a bit over the top and like, oh, man, I don't want to go on, man, I can't do it, man, and then, all of a sudden, I found myself... and Lemmy's the same, you know... And as soon as you get going, man, *voom*, that adrenalin just comes there and it's like, boy, you're up there, you know.

LEMMY: There's no drug that can do that consistently, and we've been doing that for all these years, and it still happens the same, still feels good.

I would advise people not to take drugs at all, but to go for rock 'n' roll, really. Drugs is more or less a social thing, I would say. You know, it's up to you, personally, what you do in your

social life, but if you want to get a good rush every fucking night, man, join a rock 'n' roll band; you can't beat it.

This is not a very good interview for HIGH TIMES, is it? I mean, I did two years on downers, right? I did two years in a pool of vomit, basically, waking up in flats I'd never been in, with people I didn't know, and all my money gone, right?

HIGH TIMES: What kind of downers?

LEMMY: Enovin... ten Tuinal. Ten, you know, and I'd still be awake, running around, you know, ten Tuinal.

HIGH TIMES: You do have a different metabolism!

PHILTHY: Well, you thought you were running around.

LEMMY: On Tuinal, when you do run around, you run around and wake up in a terrible bad temper—you want to kill everything that moves.

I fucking really regret that two years. I guess I don't regret it, actually, because it taught me not to do it no more.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, right.

LEMMY: I don't recommend anybody to take any drugs, actually, except maybe smoking a bit of dope if you want to, but that's about it. I wouldn't recommend nothing else.

PHILTHY: We don't say to people, "Hey, man, you should take more speed, or you should..."

LEMMY: No, yeah, I don't want to be known as an advocate of that.

He came out of heroin, you know that?

PHILTHY: We're not trying to preach anything.

LEMMY: He was shooting smack at one time. Him. Shooting downers, even, which is very bad.

PHILTHY: It's crazy.

LEMMY: Yeah. He came out of it. A lot of people ain't as strong as him, you know.

PHILTHY: We've all lost too many friends.

LEMMY: His best friend at the time had lost an arm, lost a fucking arm. He passed out on his arm, against a steel bedstead, or whatever it was, and he cut the tendons in his arm... and he was a wonderful guitarist. I'm telling you, he was a great guitarist.

HIGH TIMES: I lost Mike Bloomfield, a great guitar player.

LEMMY: Hendrix... and it took Clapton's music away from him, too. It's a terrible drug, man, that.

HIGH TIMES: Townshend had a big

interview recently where he talked about smack. What is it about the rock 'n' roll environment that disposes people to drug abuse?

LEMMY: Too much, too soon. Everything's available, and you have the wherewithal to get it, so you'll do it because you feel bad on the road sometimes, and you wake up on the bus, you know, and you haven't had any sleep, and you feel fucking rotten, and you've got to do a gig that day and maybe an in-store and three interviews—whatever it is—and you get high so's you can get through it.

PHILTHY: Well, oftentimes, though, it's not getting high, it's just getting normal.

HIGH TIMES: Getting straight, yes. That's what Bloomfield said.

LEMMY: We were in Cleveland, Ohio, and we got spiked twice in the same evening. With Angel Dust. Two separate bunches of people came in and said, "Let's turn the band on, man." You know, "Can we do it?" And they don't even tell you, they just do it to you. And I walked out onstage that night and I floated above the stage.

But the most over-the-top drug experience I ever had was when for about three years, when I wasn't in the band at all. I was a dope dealer at the time. And we were all around at this guy's place because he had a chick that works in the dispensary. And so she was going to steal some amphetamine sulfate, a bottle of it. And so we were all sitting there with our spoons, you know. About nine of us, all dope dealers, and she has brought this fucking great bottle. And on the label it said, what it looked like it said, see, was AMPHETAMINE SULFATE. And so we all got a teaspoon, nine of us. I was tripping for two weeks. It was belladonna. Atropine sulfate. No kidding. No fucking kidding at all.


HIGH TIMES: Yeah, you're lucky you came back.

LEMMY: That was the weirdest motherfucker I've ever had. I am telling you, I have been through... I said I did acid, I been through the 1967 number. I mean, I was on the Hendrix crew when he got a hundred thousand off of Owsley. Owsley came in and said, "Hi, I am Stanley Owsley III, and I invented acid and here you are." A hundred thousand with the little owl stamped on them. And we were doing ten at a time. I have done acid. And that was no problem compared to this mother. We all went out like logs.

One of our fans was covered in blood. He'd been smashing his head on the stage. His whole face was a mask of red and he came up and said, "You're fucking magic, you are."

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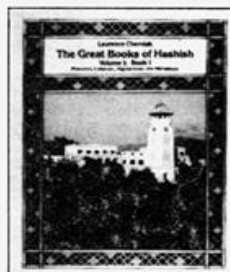
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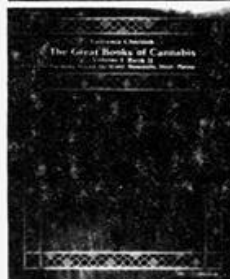
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Apparently I was hanging out the window watching the trees dance. And somebody else was talking to a duck that wasn't there. Right? We all keeled over and we got piled in a bus by an organization in England called "Release." It looks after the druggies and keeps them out of the way. They stick us in a dormitory like logs of wood and take us down to this hospital. And we got the antidote. Another fifteen minutes and we would have died. We had two hundred times the overdose of belladonna. And I woke up and I could see through my hand—could see the veins and the bones. I could see through it. And I got up and the walls and the ceiling and the floor were crawling with all sorts of shit. And there was a friend of mine who... ah, ah. I said, "Shut up, we're going to be kept in here forever. Do you want to go to the psychiatric ward?"

I have always had this window on the world. I was very lucky because even in the midst of all of this I knew. You had to shut up to get out. And so we get out and we're walking into lamp posts, you know what I mean. And for two weeks, for fourteen fucking days at least, I would be sitting there and be reading a magazine and "continued on page a hundred fifty-seven." And nothing there. Nothing there. And you'd be walking along thinking you'd be carrying something, but nothing in your hand. Very weird shit.

HIGH TIMES: Incredible.

LEMMY: That's the pitfall of rock 'n' roll bands. Somebody can give you a line of anything.

HIGH TIMES: Well, that's a real occupational hazard. Knowing the source.

PHILTHY: Last night in the bus some chick had given Robbo what she said was an amyl nitrite, poppers, and so we went in the back lounge and did this and popped it open. And put it on a rag and went... God, Jesus Christ! And it was ammonia, it was fucking ammonia.

HIGH TIMES: So somebody was probably selling that shit as poppers, right?

PHILTHY: Ridiculous. I mean, there was no label on it or anything like that.

LEMMY: Always have to check your source, I am telling you.

PHILTHY: But, of course, we don't do any of those things anymore. Not since last night.

HIGH TIMES: Great stories—

LEMMY: So, do we get a gatefold? ☐

ASK ED

/continued from page 75

this issue.)

For at least the first four weeks the plants can utilize a full 24-hour light. However, as they get older they expect to respond to a shortening day. Some growers swear that later on they get no better response from 24 hours than from 18. However, I suspect that the plants will continue photosynthetic responses as long as there is adequate light, and this would indicate that they will continue to grow faster under a continuous light. I would not necessarily switch at once to 12 hours. If the plants are nonequatorial they might very well start to flower at 14 or 16 hours of light and thus receive more light to support growth of buds. When the light is turned down further to 12 hours, it signals the end of the flowering and the flowers mature.

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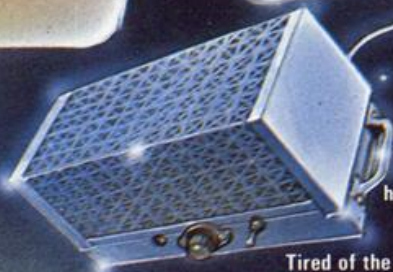
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